

1. No. 10

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IN PROSE AND VERSE,

SELECTED FROM THE
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BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN;

INTENDED TO FACILITATE THE
ADVANCEMENT OF YOUTH
IN
READING AND SPEAKING.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN APPENDIX.

Containing Complete Lists of all the Words in the English Language, which have a similarity of Sound; and likewise, of those Substantives, Verbs and Adjectives, which (though written in the same Manner) vary the Seat of the Accent.

By WILLIAM PERRY, LECTURER on the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, in the ACADEMY, EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR CHARLES ELLIOT, PARLIAMENT-SQUARE.
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Wm Perry 13



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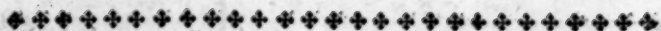
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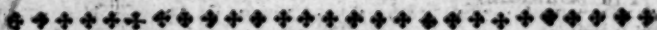
LONDON REVIEW for March 1775.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very great Encouragement the Editor has met with from the Public in his former Works, joined to the Solicitations of several respectable Teachers, induced him to compile the following Collection; hoping, the Matter it contains will be found answerable to the Purpose for which it was intended.— There are a few Pathetic Pieces, such as the BEGGAR'S PETITION, OBE TO TRUTH, &c. which, for a particular Reason, were obliged to be interspersed with those of the Narrative and Didactic, and on a small Type. The Teacher's Judgment and Experience, however, will naturally lead him to defer giving his Scholars these Pieces to read 'till they have made themselves Masters of the more easy Parts.

TAYLOR'S HALL, EDINBURGH, 22d JULY 1776.



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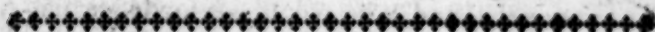
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COLLECTION.



SELECT SENTENCES.

TO be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute chearfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life; and not for the ostentation of science.

B

WITH.

WITHOUT a friend the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Truth is born with us ; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

No man hath a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

As to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature ; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy ; but in passing it over, he is superior.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged ; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery ; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

AN angry man who suppresses his passion, thinks worse than he speaks ; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

It

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn; they shoot up and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full, and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man, shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues, praise: such is the force of ill will, and ill nature.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the soul of greatness are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a noble descent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

HONOURABLE age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

He who tells a lye is not sensible how great a talk he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we would puns, bad language, or false grammar.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

TO morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
 Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more! It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

M O R A L

M O R A L

TALES, FABLES,

A N D

REFLECTIONS.

IDLENESS AND IRRESOLUTION.

HORACE, a celebrated Roman Poet, relates that a country man, who wanted to pass a river, stood loitering on the banks of it, in the foolish expectation that a current so rapid would soon discharge its waters. But the stream still flowed, increased perhaps by fresh torrents from the mountains; and it must for ever flow, because the sources from which it is derived are inexhaustible.

Thus the *idle and irresolute youth* trifles over his books, or wastes in play his precious moments; deferring the task of improvement, which at first is easy to accomplish, but which will become more and more difficult, the longer it is neglected.

AFFECTION TO PARENTS.

AN amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of the sincerest grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection, that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. So I thought, replied the youth, whilst my parent was living; but now I recollect with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement.

TAKING OF BIRD-NESTS.

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair;
 I have found where the wood pigeons breed,
 But let me that plunder forbear!
 She will say 'tis a barbarous deed.

He ne'er can be true, she averr'd,
 Who can rob a poor bird of its young:
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

SHENSTONE.

ON THE SAME.

A BOY who was a great destroyer of nests, had carefully preserved one, that he might enjoy the cruel pleasure of confining in a cage, the poor birds, who had the same natural right to liberty with himself. A hungry cat discovered the nest, and devoured the unfeathered brood. The boy bewailed his loss, and vowed revenge upon the cat; not reflecting upon the many nests which he had *wantonly plundered*, whilst the cat was impelled by the dictates of nature to satisfy a *craving appetite*.

TEN-

TENDERNESS TO MOTHERS.

MARK that parent hen! said a father to his beloved son. With what anxious care does she call together her offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings? The kite is hovering in the air, and disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons!

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents. In childhood she has mourned over your little griefs; has rejoiced in your innocent delights; has administered to you the healing balm in sickness; and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration.

I N T E M P E R A N C E.

CYRUS, when a youth, being at the court of his grandfather Cambyfes, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the king. Cyrus without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather. The king reminded him of his omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. No, replied Cyrus, I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor: For not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic. Even you, Sir, seemed to have forgotten that you were a king.

L I B E R.

LIBERALITY.

YOU have seen the husbandman *scattering* his seed upon the furrowed ground! It springs up, is gathered into his barns, and crowns his labours with joy and plenty.---Thus the man who *distributes* his fortune with generosity and prudence, is amply repaid by the gratitude of those whom he obliges, by the approbation of his own mind, and the favour of God.

THE PERT AND THE IGNORANT ARE PRONE TO RIDICULE.

A GENTLEMAN of a grave deportment, was busily engaged in blowing bubbles of soap and water, and was attentively observing them as they expanded and burst in the sunshine. A pert youth fell into a fit of loud laughter at a sight so strange, and which shewed, as he thought, such folly and insanity.---Be ashamed, young man, said one who passed by, of your rudeness and ignorance. You now behold the greatest Philosopher of the age, Sir Isaac Newton, investigating the nature of light and colours by a series of experiments, no less curious than useful, though you deem them childish and insignificant.

HONESTY AND GENEROSITY.

A POOR man, who was door-keeper to a house in Milan, found a purse which contained two hundred crowns. The man who had lost it, informed by a public advertisement, came to the house, and giving sufficient proof that the purse belonged to him, the door-keeper restored it. Full of joy and gratitude, the owner offered his benefactor twenty crowns, which he absolutely refused.

refused. Ten were then proposed, and afterwards five; but the door-keeper still continuing inexorable, the man threw his purse upon the ground, and in an angry tone cried, "I have lost nothing, nothing at all, if you thus refuse to accept of a gratuity." The door-keeper then consented to receive five crowns, which he immediately distributed amongst the poor.

ROLLIN.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

THE white bear of Greenland and Spitzbergen is considerably larger than the brown bear of Europe, or the black bear of North America. This animal lives upon fish, and seals, and is not only seen upon land in the countries bordering on the North Pole, but often on floats of ice, several leagues at sea. The following relation is copied from the *Journal of a voyage for making Discoveries towards the North Pole*. London, printed for Newberry, 1774.

EARLY in the morning, the man at the mast head of the Carcase, gave notice, that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course towards the ship. They had, without question, been invited by the scent of the blubber of the sea-horse, killed a few days before, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse, that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still left, upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs

cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally.

It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast, in the dying moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up: all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before, and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one, and round the other, pawing them, and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

Can you admire the maternal affection of the bear, and not feel in your heart the warmest emotions of gratitude, for the stronger and more permanent tenderness, you have so long experienced from your parents?

CRUELTY

CRUELTY TO INSECTS.

JACOBUS indulged himself in the cruel entertainment of torturing and killing flies. He tore off their wings and legs, and then watched with pleasure their impotent efforts to escape from him. Sometimes he collected a number of them together, and crushed them at once to death; glorying, like many a celebrated hero, in the devastation he committed. His brother remonstrated with him in vain, on this barbarous conduct. He could not persuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, and have a right, no less than ourselves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment. The signs of agony which, when tormented, they express by the quick and various contortions of their bodies, he neither understood nor would attend to.

Alexis had a microscope; and he desired Jacobus one day, to examine a most beautiful and surprising animal. Mark, said he, how it is studded from head to tail with black and silver, and its body all over beset with the most curious bristles! The head contains a pair of lively eyes, encircled with silver hairs; and the trunk consists of two parts, which fold over each other. The whole body is ornamented with plumes and decorations, which surpass all the luxuries of dress, in the courts of the greatest princes. Jacobus was pleased and astonished with what he saw, and impatient to know the name and properties of this wonderful animal. It was withdrawn from the magnifier; and when offered to his naked eye, proved to be a poor fly which had been the victim of his wanton cruelty.

THE

THE HONOUR AND ADVANTAGE OF A CONSTANT ADHERENCE TO TRUTH.

PETRARCH, a celebrated Italian Poet, who flourished about four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman, which was carried so far that they had recourse to arms. The Cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves by a most solemn oath on the Gospel, to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to this determination; even the Bishop of Luna, brother to the Cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath, the Cardinal closed the book, and said, "*As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient.*"

A story similar to this is related of Zenocrates, an Athenian Philosopher, who lived three hundred years before Christ, and was educated in the school of Plato. The people of Athens entertained too high an opinion of his probity, that one day, when he approached the altar to confirm by an oath the truth of what he had asserted, the judges unanimously declared his word to be sufficient evidence.

THE FOLLY AND ODIQUSNESS OF AFFECTATION.

LUCY, Emilia, and Sophronia, seated on a bank of daisies, near a purling stream, were listening to the music of a neighbouring grove. The sun gilded with his setting beams the western sky, gentle zephyrs breathed around, and the feath-

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ered songsters seemed to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praise. Delighted with the artless melody of the linnet, the goldfinch, the woodlark, and the thrush, they were all ear, and observed not a peacock, which had strayed from a distant farm, and was approaching them with a majestic pace and expanded plumage. The harmony of the concert was soon interrupted by the loud and harsh cries of this stately bird; which though chased away by Emilia, continued his vociferations with the confidence that conscious beauty too often inspires. Does this foolish bird, said Lucy, fancy that he is qualified to sing, because he is furnished with a spreading tail, ornamented with the richest colours? I know not, replied Sophronia, whether the peacock be capable of such a reflection; but I hope Emilia and Emilia will always avoid the display of whatever is inconsistent with your sex, your station, or your character. Shun affectation in all its odious forms; assume no borrowed airs; and be content to please, to shine, or to be useful in the way which nature points out, and which reason approves.

THE PASSIONS SHOULD BE GOVERNED
BY REASON.

SOPHRON and Alexis had frequently heard Euphronius mention the experiment of stilling the waves with oil, made by his friend Dr Franklin. They were impatient to repeat it; and a brisk wind proving favourable to the trial, they hastened, one evening, to a sheet of water in the pleasure grounds of Eugenio, near Hart-Hill. The oil was scattered upon the pool, and spread itself instantly on all sides, calming the whole surface of the water, and reflecting the most beautiful colours. Elated with success the youths returned to Euphronius, to inquire the cause of such a wonderful appearance. He

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informed them, that the wind blowing upon water which is covered with a coat of oil, slides over the surface of it, and produces no friction that can raise a wave. But this curious philosophical fact, said he, suggests a most important moral reflection. When you suffer yourselves to be ruffled by passion, your minds resemble the *puddle in a storm*. But reason, if you hearken to her voice, will then, like oil poured upon the water, calm the turbulence within you, and restore you to serenity and peace.

SCEPTICISM CONDEMNED.

SOPHRON asserted that he could hear the slightest scratch of a pin, at the distance of ten yards. It is *impossible*, said Alexis, and immediately appealed to Euphronius, who was walking with them. Though I don't believe, replied Euphronius, that Sophron's ears are more acute than yours, yet I disapprove of your hasty decision concerning the *impossibility* of what you so little understand. You are ignorant of the nature of sound, and of the various means by which it may be increased, or quickened in its progress; and modesty should lead you, in such a case, to suspend your judgment till you have made the proper and necessary inquiries. An opportunity now presents itself, which will afford Sophron the satisfaction he desires. Place your ear at one end of this long rafter of deal timber, and I will scratch the other end with a pin. Alexis obeyed, and distinctly heard the sound; which being conveyed through the tubes of the wood, was augmented in loudness, as in a speaking trumpet, or the horn of the huntsman.

Scepticism and credulity are equally unfavourable to the acquisition of knowledge. The latter anticipates, and the former precludes all enquiry. One leaves the mind satisfied with error, the other with ignorance.

GRATITUDE AND PIETY.

ARTABANES was distinguished with peculiar favour by a wife, powerful, and good prince. A magnificent palace, surrounded with a delightful garden, was provided for his residence. He partook of all the luxuries of his sovereign's table; was invested with extensive authority; and admitted to the honour of a free intercourse with his gracious master. But Artabanes was insensible of the advantages he enjoyed; his heart glowed not with gratitude and respect; he avoided the society of his benefactor, and abused his bounty.---I detest such a character, said Alexis, with generous indignation! It is your own picture which I have drawn, replied Euphrone. The great Potentate of heaven and earth has placed you in a world which displays the highest beauty, order, and magnificence; and which abounds with every mean of convenience, enjoyment, and happiness. He has furnished you with such powers of body and mind, as give you dominion over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field. And he has invited you to hold communion with him, and to exalt your own nature by the love and imitation of his divine perfections. Yet have your eyes wandered with brutal gaze over the fair creation, unconscious of the mighty hand from which it sprung. You have rioted in the profusion of nature, without one secret emotion of gratitude to the sovereign dispenser of all good. And you have slighted the glorious converse, and forgotten the presence of that Omnipotent Being, who fills all space, and exists through all eternity.

FALSE NOTIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

"How providential is the rain," cried the exulting farmer, who had gathered into his barns a large crop of hay, whilst his neighbours were

were yet in the midst of that harvest? "The change of weather will soon fill my meadows with grass; and my cattle may now riot in the plenty of autumnal and winter food, which Heaven, with peculiar indulgence, has provided for them."----

Similar to this is the language of the selfish and contracted mind, on every prosperous incident of life. The partial interposition of sovereign wisdom and power is presumed, without hesitation; and we have the folly and vanity to believe that the order of nature is disturbed, for our benefit, even on the slightest occasions. Whatever foundation there may be, in reason or scripture, for the doctrine of a *particular providence*; the common application of it is equally absurd and irreligious. It argues pride and arrogance in man; and disparages the moral character of the great Parent of the universe.

CRUELTY IN EXPERIMENTS.

EUPHRONIUS was happy whenever the engagements of his profession, and his duty as a parent, allowed him a leisure hour to devote to experimental philosophy. He had been long pursuing a most interesting train of inquiries into the nature and properties of various kinds of air, in concert with his learned friend Dr. Priestley. And he had just prepared, for a particular purpose, some mephitic water *, which was standing by him in a glass vessel, when Alexis came hastily into his study with a number of small fishes, that he had caught, and preserved alive. The youth knew the fatality of fixed air to animals which breathe; but he wished to see its effects on the inhabitants of a different element. And Euphronius, to gratify his impatient curiosity, put the fishes into the mephitic water; through which

* WATER impregnated with fixed air, which is separated from chalk or pot-ash by mean of oil of vitriol, or any other acid.

which they darted with amazing velocity, and then dropped down lifeless to the bottom of the vessel.

Surprize and joy sparkled in the eyes of Alexis.--- Beware, my son! said Euphronius, of observing spectacles of pain and misery with delight. Cruelty, by insensible degrees, will steal into your heart; and every generous principle of your nature will then be subverted. The philosopher, who has in contemplation the establishment of some important truth; or the discovery of what will tend to the advancement of *real science*, and to the good and happiness of mankind, may perhaps be justified if he sacrifice to his pursuits the life or enjoyment of an inferior animal. But the emotions of humanity should never be stifled in his breast; his trials should be made with tenderness, repeated with reluctance, and carried no farther than the object in view unavoidably requires. Wanton experiments on living creatures; and even those which are merely subservient to the gratification of curiosity, merit the severest censure. They degrade the man of letters into a brute; and are fit amusements only for the Cannibals of New Zealand. I condemn myself for the indulgence which I just now shewed you. But I knew that your fishes would endure less pain from an instant, than from the lingering death which awaited them; and I little expected that your compassionate and amiable heart could have received a pleasurable impression, on such an occasion.

CIRCUMSPECTION.

LUCY and Emilia were admiring the structure of a spider's web, which was formed between the branches of a tall shrub, in the garden at Hart-Hill; when Euphronius, returning from his morning walk, stopped to inquire what object so much engaged their attention. The dew-drops yet bespangled the fine threads, of which the web was

composed, and rendered every part of it conspicuously beautiful. A small winged insect happened, at this instant, to be caught in the toil; and the spider, before invisible, advanced along the lines from his secret retreat, seized the prey, and killed it by instilling a venomous juice into the wound he made. When the rapacious tyrant had almost devoured his game, another fly, of a larger size, became entangled in the mesh. He now waited patiently till the insect was fatigued, by struggling to obtain its liberty; and then rolling the web around it, he left the poor fly in a state of terror and impotence, as a future repast for his returning appetite.

You pity the fate, said Euphronius, of this unfortunate insect, whose destruction is the natural consequence of its ignorance and want of caution. Remember, that you yourselves will be exposed, in the commerce of life, to various snares, dangerous to your virtue, and subversive of your peace of mind. FLATTERY is the common *toil* laid for your sex; and when you are entangled in it, vanity, affectation, pertness, and impatience of controul constitute the poison which is then infused into your wounded bosoms. PLEASURE spreads a glittering *web*, which has proved fatal to thousands. AMBITION catches the unwary by power, titles, dignities, and preferments. And FALSE RELIGION, under a dazzling outside of mysterious sanctity, and pompous ceremonies, conceals a *net work* of priestcraft and superstition, from which it will be still more difficult to extricate yourselves. Sophron and Alexis had now joined the little party; and Euphronius, pointing to them his discourse, bade them beware of the cobwebs of PHILOSOPHY; those fine spun *hypotheses*, which involve the mind in error, and unfit it for the patient investigation of truth by observation and experiment.... Here the moralist was interrupted by a servant, who came to inform him that his carriage waited at the door.

THE WEAKNESS OF MAN, AND THE WISDOM OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

DISORDERS of the intellect occur much more frequently than superficial observers will easily believe. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason; and every such tyranny of fancy is a temporary degree of insanity. He who delights in silent speculation, often indulges, without restraint, the airy visions of the soul, and expatiates in boundless futurity; amusing his desires with impossible enjoyments, and conferring upon his pride unattainable dominion. In time some particular train of ideas absorb the attention; the mind recurs constantly, in weariness or leisure, to the favourite conception; and the sway of fancy becomes despotic. Delusions then operate as realities; false opinions engross the understanding; and life passes in dreams of pleasure or of misery.

An Egyptian astronomer, who had spent forty years in unwearied attention to the motions and appearances of the heavenly bodies, conceived that he was invested with the power of regulating the weather, and varying the seasons. The sun, he thought, obeyed his mandates, and passed from tropic to tropic by his direction. The clouds burst at his call on the southern mountains; and the inundations of the Nile were governed by his will. He mitigated the rage of the dog-star; restrained the equinoctial tempests; and dispensed rain and sun-shine to the several nations of the earth. Such power, though imaginary, was too extensive for the feebleness of man; and the astronomer sunk under the burthens of an office, which he laboured to administer with impartial justice, and universal benevolence. The discordant claims of different regions and climates; and the opposite requisitions of the various fruits of the ground

in the same district, harassed his mind with incessant care, suspense, and perplexity. If he suffered the clouds to pour down their treasures on the thirsty deserts of Arabia, impetuous torrents overwhelmed the fertile plains of Bassora. And when he sent forth a storm, to sweep away the pestilential Samiel, which carried death and desolation in its progress, a fleet, laden with the richest merchandise, was shipwrecked in the gulf of Ormus. The fervid beams of the sun, whilst they matured the luscious grape of Smyrna, destroyed the harvest of corn, and scorched the herbage of the fields. The philosopher thought he could perhaps remedy these evils, by turning aside the axis of the earth, and varying the ecliptic of the sun. But he found it impossible to make a change of position, by which the world could be advantaged. And he dreaded the injury which he might occasion to distant and unknown parts of the solar system. Oppressed with anxiety, he earnestly solicited the great Governor of the universe to divest him of the painful pre-eminence, with which he was honoured. "Father of light, he cried, thy omnipotent hand, and all-seeing eye are alone equal to the mighty empire of this globe. The vast operations of nature exceed my finite comprehension; and I now feel, with reverence and humility, that to dispense good and evil in all those varied combinations, which constitute the harmonious system on which the general happiness depends, nothing less can be required than unerring wisdom, spotless rectitude, and sovereign power."

The Deity listened with indulgence to a prayer which flowed from a sincere and pious heart: In the folly of the astronomer he saw and pitied the weakness of human nature; and by strengthening the present conviction of his mind, he graciously removed the insanity under which he laboured.

POSITIVE.

POSITIVENESS.

THE Camelion is a small quadruped, in shape resembling a Crocodile, and chiefly found in Arabia and Egypt. It is a vulgar error that this animal feeds upon air; for his stomach is always found to contain flies and other insects. Mr Le Bruyn, during his abode at Smyrna, had four Camelions in his possession. He never perceived that they eat any thing, except now and then a fly. Their colour often changed, without any apparent cause; but their most durable one was grey, or rather a pale mouse-colour. Sometimes the animals were of a beautiful green, spotted with yellow; at other times they were marked all over with dark brown; but he never found that they assumed a red colour. These properties of the Camelion have given rise to the following fable, which was written by Mr Merrick, and shews, in a lively and striking manner, the folly of positiveness in opinion.

THE CAMELION.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post,
 Yet round the world the blade has been
 To see whatever could be seen,
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop,
 "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow---
 "I've seen---and sure I ought to know"---
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia wilds they past,
 And on their way in friendly chat
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
 Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Camelion's form and nature.
 " A stranger animal, cries one,
 " Sure never liv'd beneath the sun :
 " A lizard's body lean and long,
 " A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 " Its tooth with tripple claw disjoin'd;
 " And what a length of tail behind!
 " How slow its pace! and then its hue---
 " Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
 " Hold there, the other quick replies,
 " 'Tis green---I saw it with these eyes,
 " As late with open mouth it lay,
 " And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
 " Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
 " And saw it eat the air for food."
 " I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 " And must again affirm it blue.
 " At leisure I the beast survey'd---
 " Extended in the cooling shade."
 " 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye---
 " Green! cries the other in a fury---
 " Why, Sir--d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
 " 'Twere no great loss, the friend replies,
 " For, if they always serve you thus,
 " You'll find 'em but of little use."
 " So high at last the contest rose,
 " From words they almost came to blows;
 " When luckily came by a third---
 " To him the question they referr'd;
 " And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
 " Whether the thing was green or blue.
 " Sir, cries the umpire, cease your pother---
 " The creature's neither one nor t'other.
 " I caught

" I caught the animal last night,
 " And view'd it o'er by candle light :
 " I mark'd it well---'twas black as jet---
 " You stare---but Sirs, I've got it yet,
 " And can produce it."---Pray, Sir, do :
 " I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
 " And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 " The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 " Well then, at once to ease the doubt,
 " Replies the man, I'll turn him out :
 " And when before your eyes I've set him,
 " If you don't find him black I'll eat him."
 He said : then full before their sight
 Produc'd the beast ; and lo ! 'twas white.

L Y I N G.

MENDACULUS was a youth of good parts,
 and of amiable dispositions ; but by keeping
 bad company he had contracted, in an extreme de-
 gree, the odious habit of lying. His word was
 scarcely ever believed by his friends ; and he was
 often suspected of faults, because he denied the
 commission of them, and punished for offences, of
 which he was convicted only by his assertions of
 innocence. The experience of every day manifest-
 ed the disadvantages which he suffered from the ha-
 bitual violation of truth. He had a garden stocked
 with the choicest flowers ; and the cultivation of it
 was his favourite amusement. It happened that the
 cattle of the adjoining pasture had broken down the
 fence ; and he found them trampling upon, and de-
 stroying a bed of fine auriculas. He could not drive
 these ravagers away, without endangering the still
 more valuable productions of the next parterre ;
 and he hastened to request the assistance of the gar-
 dener. " You intend to make a fool of me," said
 the man, who refused to go, as he gave no credit to
 the relation of Mendaculus.

One frosty day, his father had the misfortune to be thrown from his horse, and to fracture his thigh. Mendaculus was present, and was deeply affected by the accident, but had not strength to afford the necessary help. He was therefore obliged to leave him, in this painful condition, on the ground, which was at that time covered with snow; and, with all the expedition in his power, he rode to Manchester, to solicit the aid of the first benevolent person he should meet with. His character as a liar was generally known; few to whom he applied paid attention to his story; and no one believed it. After losing much time in fruitless entreaties, he returned with a sorrowful heart, and with his eyes bathed in tears, to the place where the accident happened. But his father was removed from thence: A coach fortunately passed that way; he was taken into it, and conveyed to his own house, whither Mendaculus soon followed him.

A lusty boy, of whom Mendaculus had told some falsehoods, often way-laid him as he went to school, and beat him with great severity. Conscious of his ill desert, Mendaculus bore, for some time, in silence this chastisement; but the frequent repetition of it at last overpowered his resolution, and he complained to his father of the usage which he met with. His father, though dubious of the truth of this account, applied to the parents of the boy who abused him. But he could obtain no redress from them, and only received the following painful answer: "Your son is a notorious liar, and we pay no regard to his assertions." Mendaculus was therefore obliged to submit to the wonted correction, till full satisfaction had been taken by his antagonist for the injury he had sustained.

Such were the evils in which this unfortunate youth almost daily involved himself, by the habit of lying. He was sensible of his misconduct; and began to reflect upon it with seriousness and contri-

tion.

tion. Resolutions of amendment succeeded to penitence; he set a guard upon his words; spoke little, and always with caution and reserve; and he soon found, by sweet experience, that truth is more easy and natural than falsehood. By degrees the love of it became predominant in his mind; and so sacred at length did he hold veracity to be, that he scrupled even the least jocular violation of it. This happy change restored him to the esteem of his friends; the confidence of the public; and the peace of his own conscience.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you'd stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view!

D

Let

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.
 You know my feet betray my flight.
 To friendship ev'ry burden's light.
 The Horse reply'd, Poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus.
 Be comforted, relief is near;
 For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implor'd;
 And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
 Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well,
 I may, without offence, pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend.
 Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
 Expects me near yon barley-mow;
 And when a lady's in the case,
 You know, all other things give place:
 To leave you thus, might seem unkind;
 But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd, her pulse was high,
 Her languid head, her heavy eye.
 My back, says she, may do you harm;
 The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
 His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
 Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
 For hounds eat sheep, as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
 To save from death a friend distress'd.
 Shall I, says he, of tender age,
 In this important care engage?
 Older and abler pass'd you by;
 How strong are those! how weak am I!
 Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.
 Excuse me then. You know my heart.
 But dearest friends, alas! must part.
 How shall we all lament! Adieu!
 For, see, the hounds are just in view.

THE

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain ;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold ;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew ;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the mid-night oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd ;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts :
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes :
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd :

D. 2 Hence

Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.

Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?

My dog, the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind:

I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy I ray.

Inconstancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.

The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wings protects her care,

And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.

I never with important air,
In conversation over-bear.

Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?

My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.

We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?

Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.

Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.

Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?

But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.

Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;

And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can mortals glean,

Thy

Thy fame is just, the sage replies;
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen,
 Books as affected are as men:
 But he who studies nature's laws,
 From certain truth his maxims draws;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

AMONG other excellent arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling

on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

Man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider, in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But in this life man can never take in his full measure of knowledge; nor has he time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine

shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

It methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered in relation to its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it: And can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness!

IN PRAISE OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the DIVINE MIND; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting TRUTH; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. VIRTUE is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, nor to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings.---Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgotten; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it, no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced

advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more is he under its influence.---To say no more; 'Tis the LAW of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of Virtue.---Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it?---There is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities; and of more value than all the treasures of the world.---If you are wise, then, study virtue, and contain every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing. Lose this, and all is lost.

A MODEL of CONDUCT PROPOSED FOR ONE DAY.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

THE surest way you can take, to live above such mistaken, perishing enjoyments, as this world can boast of, is to put yourself under a necessity of observing, how one day goes thro' your hands; and let virtue, sincerity, and religion, be the rules of your actions for that day. Oblige yourself to a certain order of time, in your devotions, in your business, in your retirements, amusements, recreations, and pleasures. Let your first care be to please the Deity, who presides over all your cheerful hours, and innocent conversations; the next to avoid the reproaches of your own heart; and the next, to escape the censures of the world. A lady is never so sure of her conduct, as when the verdict the

she passes upon her own behaviour is confirmed by the opinion of all who know her. By an observation of these rules, you will come to a discovery of all the foibles that lurk in the secret corners of your soul; and will soon arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of yourself. You are likewise carefully to consider, how far you deserve the approbation, with which the world favours you: whether your actions proceed from worthy motives, and how far you are really possessor of those virtues, that they imagine you are. Friends may not see our faults; they may be partial and conceal them from us; or else they may soften them, so as to reconcile us to them, and make them appear too trivial to be taken notice of. I, therefore, cannot think it improper, to consult, what character we bear among our enemies, whose malice (though it may inflame our crimes and imperfections, and expose them in too strong a light) has frequently some ground for what it advances. By the reproaches, which an enemy casts upon us, our eyes are opened to several blemishes and defects in our conduct, which otherwise would escape our observation.

The exercise of some social virtue or other, will fall in your way almost every day in your life. To relieve the needy, and comfort the distressed; to make allowances for the slips and defects of others; to advise the ignorant, and soften the envious; to rectify the prejudiced, and quiet the angry; to silence distraction, and justify the deserving; to overlook hatred, and forgive an injury; to mitigate the fierceness of others, and to subdue our own passions; are virtues, that may give daily employment to the most industrious tempers, and in the most active stations of life. Those are exercises suited to reasonable creatures, and always bring delight to the discreet manager.

Let this be a general rule to you, that you can never be in the possession of human life, but when
 you

you are in the satisfaction of some innocent pleasure, or in the pursuit of some laudable design. Always preserve a cheerfulness and evenness of temper; it will conquer pride, vanity, affectation, and all other follies, that might render you troublesome to yourself, and contemptible to others. It will preserve health in your body, and pleasure in your mind. To seem always inclined to be well pleased, engages the love and esteem of every one, and adds a certain grace to every action, which can be felt much better than described. There is a kind of respect which the meanest of our species may, by an easy behaviour, grounded upon simple honesty and a desire of obliging, procure, in a little circle of their friends and acquaintances. Make discretion your guide in every concern of life; not only in your own words, but in all the circumstances of action. Of all the shining qualities of a rational being, this is the most useful: it is this, which gives a value to all the rest; which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessor of them: so that without discretion, virtue itself looks like weakness. Avoid prejudice and censure; preserve sincerity and secrecy. Let all your diversions be moderate and suitable; well chosen, and well timed. Suffer not your mind to be bias'd by the approbation of, but rather suspect some concealed evil, to lurk in such of your actions, as proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or manner of life; from your age or certain temper, or from any motives that favour your pleasure or secular profit. Lay not too great a stress upon virtues of a disputable nature; and such are all those in which thoughts dissent from us who are as good and as wise as we are.

Never despise, nor ridicule those, who do not follow your rules of life; nor are you to entertain any proud conceit of your own virtues; for, if you

were

were left to your own strength and wisdom, you would not be able to do any good thing. Give therefore all the glory to the divine goodness, whose daily assistance directs and preserves you from presumptuous sins.

When night comes, you are to consider, that possibly you may never see day-light again, till the morning of the resurrection will dawn upon the earth; when you are folded in the silken arms of sleep, that, perhaps, you may never waken, till you here the voice of the arch-angel, and the sound of the last trumpet; and that you may never lift up your head, till you see the Saviour of the world coming in the clouds, with power and great glory. You are farther to consider, that every action, every word, and every parturiency of thought, through all the creation, lie exposed to one undivided view of the Almighty; and that, for all the works thereof, God will judge the earth. Impregnate this with your belief, and then sum up your accounts, and examine your conduct in the foregoing day. Try your heart, and recollect, what graces you have improved, what duties you have neglected, and what sins committed. If upon such an enquiry, you find your conscience clear, and in the delightful calm of sweet and easy passions, of divine love and joy; offer up your praises and thanks, for the possession of so much happiness; and pray for grace, to enable you to live well the ensuing day. Begin the next, not depending on your own strength, but with an humble confidence in the aid of heaven. Our Saviour has given us a proof of our inability, without God's assistance, to do any great or good thing. When *Peter*, in a flush of temper, solemnly protested, that though all men were offended in his Lord, yet he would not be offended; then was he, who thought so well of his own courage and fidelity, told by his master, that they should both fail him, and that he should even deny him

sin thrice that very night. Therefore on the divine assistance let your resolution be grounded.

If on the contrary, you can charge yourself with the omission of any duty, or the commission of any folly, clothe your spirit in humility and contrition; confess your own unworthiness; unboast all your guilt; and implore the Deity, in his good time, to remove your sins far from you; to lessen the weight of your infirmities; to renew a right spirit within you; and to deliver you from all such passions, as oppose the purity of your soul. In this temper of mind put on a resolution, with the divine assistance, to correct those errors in the next day's conduct. If you thus bring one day under the rules of religion, and day after day conform your practice to such rules, you cannot imagine, how soon it will become delightful to you, how soon it will improve and perfect the whole course of your life. This will bring you to a certainty that honest thoughts, good-will, and a peaceful conscience, are blessings within yourself, and within your reach.

If your health permits you, raise early in the morning; and never be a slave to the lazy indulgence of sleep. No simple custom is more blameable, than that of lying shut up in the arms of sloth and darkness; when the cheerful return of day invites the whole creation to joy and business. Sleep, any farther than as it is a necessary refreshment, is the poorest, dullest state of existence, we can be in; and it is so far from being a real enjoyment, that it bears the nearest resemblance of death, and carries all the horrors of oblivion in it. We are forced to receive it, either in a state of insensibility, or in the delusive folly of dreams. Sleep, when too much humoured, gives a softness and idleness to all our tempers; and no sluggish person can be qualified, or disposed, to enter into the true spirit of prayer, or the exercise of any active virtue. Whoever sub-

mits to this morning indulgence, can never be fervent in their devotions; nor do they deserve to be reckoned any more than lazy worshippers, who rise to their duties, as idle servants do to their labours.

By thus ordering and dividing your time, no part of it will lie heavy upon your hands; you will never be hurried into the poor contrivances to kill a dull half day, such as idle visits, imprudent amusements, ridiculous diversions, and the other impertinences of a playing, gadding, and wandering life.

It is universally allowed, that a course of virtue is the most worthy, and will, in the end, be rewarded most amply; but the way to it is easily and falsely represented as rugged and narrow. Now I appeal to reason, if easy regular passions, a peaceful conscience, and the hopes of eternal and unmixed delights, are not preferable to, and acquired with greater ease, than any pleasures of sense. If we compare the painful pursuits of avarice, ambition and sensuality, with their opposite virtues, we shall find that vice is as laborious as virtue. The toils of the covetous, ambitious, or sensual man, his various fears and disquiets, nay, the vexations, that attend his most refined delights, are vastly more troublesome than a regular pursuit of virtue, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace.

Mr. Addison elegantly reduces all superiority, that one person can have over another, to the notion of quality; which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first, consists in birth, title, or riches; the second, in health, strength, or beauty; and the third, has its rise from wisdom, which is the knowledge of divine things; directing a judgment and rule of human actions, and whose employment is virtue. The death-bed sets the emptiness of the two first in a true light. Then birth, wealth, and honours; health, strength, and beauty, lie under the meanest circumstances of hu-

man nature: but the effects of virtue are inseparable from us, and the last day will assign to every one a station suitable to his exercise of it here. A just inference is hence deduced by that learned writer, that, "as ambition is natural to the soul of man, here, if rightly directed, it might receive a very happy turn." Methinks, says he, we should have "an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state, which is to settle the distinction to eternity; where ranks will be adjusted, and precedency set right." Though our nature is imperfect and corrupt, yet it is so far improveable, by the grace of God, upon our own good endeavours, that we all may, though not equally, be instruments of his glory; ornaments and blessings to this world; and capable of eternal happiness. To enable you to accomplish those great ends, I recommend to your esteem and practice, charity, humility, chastity, temperance, and patience. Those are the virtues suitable to our nature,---Those are ornaments peculiar to a christian.

A PROSPECT OF ETERNITY.

THERE is not a more pleasing contemplation,--
 a more improving exercise to the human mind,
 than a frequent review of its own privileges and endowments; nor is there a more effectual means to awaken in us an ambition, raised above low objects and little pursuits, than to value ourselves as heirs of eternity. What delight must a virtuous soul take in considering, that the best and wisest of all ages and nations assert this as their birth-right; and that it is raised by an express revelation!-- Tho' human wisdom is so warmly employed, as to stave off the thoughts of another world, yet I do not see, if immortality be the pride and happiness of our existence, why it

should not be thought of, and talked of, with the same gaiety, as any other agreeable subject. By serious reflections on the excellence and eternal duration of the soul, she grows conscious of her own dignity; disengages herself from the tumultuous effects of all guilty passions; and fixes her views on none, but pure and permanent delights. When our thoughts are thus elevated, we find new capacities of happiness awake in our breasts, and a languishment for some unknown joys---some unexperienced pleasures, which must be the certain rewards of virtue. Thus we are brought to know, that some uneasy circumstance ~~at~~ other mingles itself with all sublunary bliss; and that it is some future expectation, that engages the mind---that of celestial pleasures and divine entertainments. In our gayest flights there is no pleasure we can taste, that is not mixed with some mortifying evils; but the prospect, that eternity sets before us, is all serene and peaceful, unclouded with pain or sorrow. When tired and sick of all mortal vanities, the religious mind reposes itself in the firm expectation of drinking at the fountain of life, and of bathing in rivers of immortal pleasure. Even death (which to the guilty is the gloomy period of all their joys, and the entrance to the gulf of undying wretchedness) brightens into a smile, and, in an angel's form, invites the religious soul to endless rest from labour, and to endless scenes of joy.

This prospect is the secret comfort and refreshment of the mind---this doubles all our pleasures---this supports us under all afflictions. We can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain and sickness, the loss of friends, and even death, so long as we keep in view the pleasures of eternity.

Though it may appear opposite to all modern refinement, for a girl, in the bloom of sixteen, to think herself mortal, or made for any other purpose, than to attract esteem and admiration, and to pursue the

the pleasures of this life ; yet I recommend it to you, to form your conduct upon that scheme (let it be ever so old-fashioned) that leads to pure delight, and secures eternal bliss. Let your expectations be higher, than any dignity or enjoyment this world can boast of. Let a celestial crown fire your ambition, and in the pursuit of infinite happiness, grasp at nothing below the glories of immortality. With what a divine ambition does the prospect of heavenly joys inspire the soul : if you are reckoned by any of the gay and giddy world, the less polite for entertaining such exalted thoughts of pleasure ; be content in being unfashionably good, since thereby you can keep your peace ; be fearless and open to the inspection of heaven, justify yourself to your own conscience, and secure the divine interest. Be always assured, that no character is more amiable, than that of a female, who in the gayest bloom of youth, and triumph of beauty, practises the rules of purity and virtue ; and that in the exercise of those qualities the finest breeding consists.

If you consider your being as circumscribed by the uncertainty and shortness of this life, your designs will be contracted into the same narrow span, that you imagine is to bind your existence : but if you turn your thoughts inward upon yourself, and view the excellencies of your own soul, and consider it as an immortal being, you see its capacities and perfections in a very different light ; and you will be forced into a persuasion, that nothing less than immortality deserves your immediate thoughts.

Since we all perceive in ourselves, a restlessness in the present state, a still increasing appetite to somewhat future, a successive grasping at somewhat to come ; and, since the author of our nature has planted no useless passion in it, nor any desire without its object ; futurity must be the proper object of the passion ; that is so constantly exercised about it. Though the immortality of the soul is sufficient-

ly proved by other arguments, yet this relish and desire, that we have for futurity, adds strength to the conclusion.

Now I appeal to reason, if it be not a more engaging and delightful contemplation, to sit before us eternal scenes of happiness, than to amuse ourselves with sullen hopes for annihilation, and crumbling into dust with inanimate matter. Nothing can be more pitifully mean, than to resign one's pretensions to immortality, and to substitute in its room, the inverted ambition of dropping into nothing. But on the contrary, what are all the honours, wealth, powers, and pleasures of this world, when compared with a generous expectation of a being without end, and a happiness equal to that being?

P I T Y

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals; among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, LOVE and JOY. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet; the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them; so soon as they were arrived at maturity years. But, in the mean time, the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and sin overrun the earth with giant strides; and Astræa, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned

assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse SORROW, the daughter of ATE. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of Cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, tho' mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round and called her PITY. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland, composed of her father's myrtles, twisted with her mother's cypress. One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The

Gentile nymph

nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and LOVE be again united to JOY, his immortal and long betrothed bride.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of Pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of Sorrow, and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty Poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

THERE were two families which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter, considering that this species commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families, Pleasure who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way
 between

between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen, in their old place of residence, there was no person so vicious who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay a claim to a hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man Pain might come in for at least two thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: by this mean it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently, upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the

the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods.

L A B O U R.

LABOUR, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage, by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers; but having a desire of seeing the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the road, with Health on her right hand, who by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of cheerfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way; while Contentment went smiling on the left, supporting the steps of her mother, and by her perpetual good humour increasing the vivacity of her sister.

In this manner they travelled over forests, and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of Jupiter, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsels of labour, and she suffered herself to be debauched by intemperance, and at last died in child-birth of Disease. Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the inticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after: while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till at last she was seized by Languor in her way, and died in misery.

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use, but there is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if

he read little, he had need have much cunning to
seem to know what he doth not.

ODE TO TRUTH.

SAY, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?
And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
Will not your train descend in radiant state,
To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud of Fate?

'Tis silence all. No Son of Light
Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height;
No train of radiant Saints descend.
Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
"If guilt, or fraud have stain'd your mind,
Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."
So TRUTH proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the centre of her burning throne:
Where eye she sits with star wreath'd lustre crown'd;
A bright Sun clasps her adamant zone.
So TRUTH proclaims: her awful voice I hear:
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

"Attend, ye Sons of Men; attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not reason in this form descry
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace?
Shall then your earth-born daughter's vie
With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whose cheek but mocks the peaches bloom,
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear
Flam'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heav'n's eternal year.

Know, Mortals know, ere first ye sprung,
 Ere first these orbs in æther hung,
 I shone amid the heav'nly throng.
 These eyes beheld Creation's day,
 This voice began the choral lay,
 And taught Archangels their triumphant song.
 Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
 Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread,
 Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
 And Ocean heave on his extended bed;
 Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
 The tawny lion stalk, the rapid Eagle fly.

Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,
 Heav'n's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,
 And, as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,
 "That I alone of all the host of heav'n,
 Should reign Protectress of the godlike Youth."
 Thus the Almighty spake: he spake and call'd me Truth.

THE ORIGIN OF IMPUDENCE AND MODESTY.

JUPITER, in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wisdom, and Confidence together; and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence; and thus connected, sent them into the world. But though he thought he had matched them with great judgment, and that Confidence was the natural companion of Virtue, and that Vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence; they had not gone far before dissention arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of the one company, was always accustomed, before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whither it led; what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances, might possibly, or probably, occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time; which delay was very displeasing to Confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much fore-thought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable: but Confidence one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more.

In like manner the other society, though joined by Jupiter, disagreed and separated. As Folly saw very little before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was encreased by Diffidence, who, with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never satisfied without his full career, in whatever his inclination led him to. Folly, he knew, though she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away his controller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whence he is inseparable. Confidence and Diffidence being after this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companies, wandered for some time, till at last chance led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house which belonged to Wealth, the lord of the village; and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartments, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train; recommended himself very quickly to his landlord; and entered into such familiarity with Vice, that he was enlisted in the same company with Folly. They were frequent guests of Wealth, and from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from Poverty, one of the tenants; and entering the cottage, found Wisdom and Virtue, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compassion on her, and Wisdom found from her temper that she would easily improve; so they admitted her into their society: Accordingly, by their means, she altered in a little time somewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now

called by the name of Modesty. As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to counsel than example, degenerated so far by the society of Vice and Folly, as to pass by the name of Impudence. Mankind, to whose society Jupiter first joined them, knowing nothing of these mutual defections, are thereby led into strange mistakes; and where-ever they see Impudence, make account of Virtue and Wisdom; and where-ever they observe Modesty, call her attendants Vice and Folly.

INDUSTRY, CURIOSITY, TRAVEL, AND IDLENESS.

AN ALLEGORY.

AS Industry was going abroad early to his Labour, and climbing, without impatience, a lofty mountain, over which he was obliged to pass, he espied on the summit a beautiful nymph, employed in searching for uncommon flowers, and often viewing with great attention the wide-extended scenes that were stretched around her. Her eyes were piercing as the beams of the evening star, with a certain twinkling wantonness in them that heightened the resemblance. Her features were irregular, yet not less pleasing than those of a more perfect beauty. She had a certain agreeable wildness in her air, dress, and countenance, and something so speakingly inquisitive in the latter, that almost every feature seemed to ask a question. Upon the approach of Industry she fell into immediate discourse with him, and asked him, almost in the same breath, who he was, where he lived, whither he was going, and what there was in the neighbourhood worth seeing. Industry, ever accustomed to make the best of his time, answered the last question first. He told her there was nothing so well worth seeing as a beautiful

ful

In pleasure-house in the adjacent wood, and offered
 to conduct her to it. The nymph, whose name was
 Curiosity, eagerly followed him, and by the num-
 berless questions she put to him as they passed, dis-
 covered an insatiable thirst after knowledge. In-
 dustry, who liked the humour of the nymph, failed
 not to make every possible advantage of this; and
 though she found herself deceived in some points,
 when she arrived at the wood, yet she was gratified
 in so many others, that she could not help loving
 her deceiver, and yielding to every proposal of his
 that might tend to her information. In consequence
 of this conversation, Curiosity in due time brought
 forth a son, who, by order of the sylvan deities, was
 named Travel. He was favoured by all the gods,
 and in his youth was frequently instructed by them
 in visions. When he grew up, he discovered in his
 temper his mother's thirst after knowledge, and his
 father's activity. He never staid longer in any place
 than, bee-like, to collect the sweets that he found
 there. Pleasure and Wisdom were his companions,
 and his attendants were Plenty and Variety. By
 observing the manners and customs of various na-
 tions, he became polite and unprejudiced; and by
 comparing their laws, and the various modes of worship
 and government, he learned to be just, polite, and
 to serve the gods acceptably. In a large city, where
 much was to be seen, he had recourse for accommo-
 dations to the house of a gentleman, who was known
 to take a pleasure in entertaining travellers. The
 name of this person was Idleness. He was a corpu-
 lent, good-natured man. If he had but provision
 for the day, and a companion to laugh away the
 hours, which were otherwise tedious to him, he was
 contented. He never interfered in the interest of
 others, nor felt the emotions of either friendship or
 enmity. He would not, on any account, go two fur-
 longs from his own door, but used to say, Pleasure and

Trouble were such inveterate enemies, that they could not possibly meet upon the same occasion. He was much entertained with the conversation of Travel, and conceived a design to dissuade him from rambling any more, that he might keep him with him. "My friend," said Idleness, "I am amazed at your strange disposition. Who, like you, would for ever wander about, in search of pleasure, and not stand still a moment to enjoy it? Why will you expose yourself to perpetual dangers, and needless difficulties, and undergo abroad a thousand inconveniencies which you would never meet with at home? Why should you, who are a free man, submit to the arbitrary government of a sea-captain, more hostile than the element on which he commands, or to the no less absolute sway of an itinerant coachman?" "Truce with your queries," said Travel, "till I have proposed an equal number, and then, if you please, we will balance the account. How can you waste your time, and impair your health, by refusing to give your body and mind the due exercise nature so loudly calls for? How can you confine that arduous curiosity, implanted in the soul, to urge you on to unbounded knowledge, within the narrow limits of one city or province? Are you really so destitute of courage as to be over-awed by visionary dangers, and trivial inconveniencies?" Here ended the dispute; Idleness would not be at the pains to seek further arguments, nor, if he had, would Travel have stooped to hear them.

CHARACTER OF PETER THE GREAT.

PETER the Great was regretted by all those whom he had formed; and the descendants of all those who had been sticklers for the ancient customs, soon began to look on him as their father. Foreign nations, who have beheld the duration of his establishments, have always expressed the highest admiration

admiration for his memory; acknowledging, that he was actuated by a more than common prudence and wisdom, and not by a vain desire of doing extraordinary things. All Europe knows, that though he was fond of fame, he coveted it only for noble principles; that though he had faults, they never obscured his noble qualities; and that though, as a man, he was liable to errors, as a monarch, he was always great: he every where forced nature, in his subjects, in himself, by sea and land; but he forced her only to render her more pleasing and noble. The arts, which he transplanted with his own hands into countries, till then in a manner savage, have flourished, and produced fruits which are lasting testimonies of his genius, and will render his memory immortal, since they now appear as natives of those places to which he introduced them. The civil, political, and military government, trade, manufactures, the arts and sciences, have all been carried on, according to his plan, and by an event not to be paralleled in history: we have seen four women successively ascend the throne after him, who have maintained, in full vigour, all the great designs he accomplished, and have completed those which he had begun.

The court has undergone some revolutions since his death, but the empire has not suffered one. Its splendour was increased by Catharine I. It triumphed over the Turks and the Swedes under Anna Petrovna; and under Elizabeth, it conquered Prussia, and a part of Pomerania; and lastly, it has tasted the sweets of peace, and has seen the arts flourish in fulness and security in the reign of Catharine the Second.

Let the historians of that nation enter into the minutest circumstances of the new creation, the wars and undertakings of Peter the Great: let them rouse the emulation of their countrymen, by celebrating those heroes who assisted this monarch in his labours,

labours, in the field, and in the cabinet. It is sufficient for a stranger, a disinterested admirer of merit, to have endeavoured to set to view that great man, who learned of Charles XII. to conquer him, who twice quitted his dominions, in order to govern them better, who worked with his own hands, in almost all the useful and necessary arts, to set an example of instruction to his people, and who was the founder and the father of his empire.

Princes, who reign over states long since civilized, may say to themselves, "If a man, assisted only by his genius, has been capable of doing such great things in the frozen climes of ancient Scythia, what may not be expected from us, in kingdoms where the accumulated labours of many ages have rendered the way so easy?"

BEHAVIOUR OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

AT HER DEATH.

ON Tuesday the 7th of February, 1587, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and, demanding access to the Queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; "That soul," said she, "is unworthy of the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of an executioner; and, though I did not expect that the Queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot." And, laying her hand on a bible which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested, that she was innocent of that conspiracy, which Babington had carried on against the life of Elizabeth. She then mentioned the requests con-
tained

tained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no
 satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular
 earnestness, that now, in her last moments, her al-
 moner might be suffered to attend her, and that she
 might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions
 prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which
 is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolute-
 ly denied. Her attendants, during this conversation,
 were bathed in tears, and, though over-awed by
 the presence of the two earls, with difficulty sup-
 pressed their anguish; but no sooner were they
 withdrawn, than they ran to their mistress, and
 burst out into the most passionate expressions of ten-
 derness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only re-
 tained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured
 to moderate their excessive grief; and, falling on her
 knees with all her domestics round her, she thanked
 Heaven, that her sufferings were now so near an
 end, and prayed, that she might be enabled to en-
 dure what yet remained with decency and with forti-
 tude. The greater part of the evening she employ-
 ed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her
 testament with her own hand.-----Her money, her
 jewels, and her clothes she distributed among her
 servants, according to their rank or merit. She
 wrote a short letter to the King of France, and an-
 other to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but mag-
 nanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to
 their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their pro-
 tection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual,
 and conversed not only with ease, but with cheer-
 fulness. She drank to every one of her servants,
 and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in
 any part of her duty to them. At her wonted time
 she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours.
 Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and
 employed a considerable time in devotion. At
 eight o'clock, the High Sheriff and his officers en-
 tered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at
 the

the altar. She immediately started up, and, with a majestic mien, and a countenance undimay'd, nay even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour, which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck;---her beads at her girdle;---and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil the Master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress, whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation he melted into tears; and, as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil; there is at present greater cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stewart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings as she has long expected. Bear witness, that I die constant in my religion, firm in my fidelity towards Scotland, and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights: and God forgive all those who have thirsted without cause for my blood. With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered with black cloth, as well as a chair, the cushion, and the block. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity; she beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance;---

and, signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice; to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to heaven in her behalf; but she declared, that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join in the other; then, falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the Dean had finished his devotion, she, with an audible voice, and in the English language, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared, that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and, lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins. She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments: one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude she laid her neck on the block; and, while one executioner held her hands, another at the second stroke cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already turned quite grey with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood; and the Dean crying out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies." The Earl of Kent alone answered, Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent and drowned in tears, being incapable at that moment of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

SHORT CHARACTER of ALFRED THE GREAT.

ALFRED the Great was one of the wisest, the best, and most beneficent monarchs that ever swayed the sceptre of this realm, and his example is highly memorable.---Every hour of his life had its peculiar business assigned it. He divided the day and the night into three portions of eight hours each; and, though much afflicted with a very painful disorder, assigned only eight hours to sleep, meals, and exercise; devoting the remaining sixteen, one half to reading, writing, and prayer, and the other to public business. So sensible was this great man, that time was not a trade to be dissipated, but a rich talent entrusted to him, and for which he was accountable to the great Dispenser of it. And, surely, if a person like him, in the highest station of life, amidst all the temptations of ease, and amusement, and pleasure, was thus careful to husband time, and fill up the fleeting moments of life with some useful employ, how very inexcusable must it be in those, who have not such allurements, to murder their days by indolence and dissipation? During the retreat of this famous prince, at Athelney in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, the following circumstance happened, which, while it convinces us of the extremities to which that great man was reduced, will give us a striking proof of his pious and benevolent disposition: A beggar came to his little castle there, and requested alms; when his Queen informed him, "That they had only one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves, and their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food, though with little hopes of success." The king replied, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He who could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes, can certainly make that half of the loaf suf-

rice for more than our necessities." Accordingly the poor man was relieved, and this noble act of charity soon recompensed by a providential store of fresh provisions, with which his people returned.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly Maid, was young,

While yet in early Greece she sung,

The Passions oft, to hear her shell,

Throng'd around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,

Poised beyond the Muses' painting;

By turns they felt the glowing mind

Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.

Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,

Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,

From the supporting myrtles round

They snatch'd her instruments of sound,

And as they oft had heard apart

Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

Each, for master's rule the hour,

Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,

And the chords bewilder'd laid,

And back recoil'd he knew not why,

Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,

In lightnings own'd his secret stings,

In one rude clash he struck the lyre,

And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With awful measures wan Despair,

Low fallen sounds his grief beguil'd,

A solemn, strange, and mingled air,

'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But then, O Hope, with eyes so fair,

What was thy delighted measure?

Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail

Still would her touch the strain prolong,

And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She call'd on Echo still thro' all her song;

And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair,
 And longer had she sung, but with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose,
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And tho' sometimes each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice apply'd,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fill'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted love, now raving call'd on hate.
 With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd thro' the mellow horn her pensive soul,
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound,
 Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round a holy, calm, diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs dy'd away.
 But, O! how alter'd was her sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder slung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known;
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste ey'd queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
 Then came Joy's extatic trial,
 He with windy brow advancing,
 Early to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
 But soon he saw the bride awakening viol,

Whole

Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best:

They would have thought, who heard the strain,

They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,

Amidst the festal founding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,

While as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,

Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,

Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,

And he, amidst his frolic play,

As if he would the charming air repay,

Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,

Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,

Why, Goddess, why, to us deny'd?

Layst thou thy ancient lyre aside?

As in that lov'd Athenian bower,

You learnt an all-commanding power,

Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,

Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native, simple heart,

Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?

Arise, as in that elder time,

Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!

Thy wonders, in that god-like age,

Fill thy recording sister's page.

'Tis said, and I believe the tale,

Thy humblest reed could more prevail,

Had more of strength, diviner rage,

Than all which charms this laggard age;

Even all at once together found

Cæcilia's mingled world of sound.

O bid our vain endeavours cease,

Revive the just designs of Greece,

Return in all thy simple state!

Confirm the tales her sons relate!

PARALLEL BETWEEN OSSIAN AND HOMER.

THE two great characteristics of Ossian's poetry are, tenderness and sublimity. It breathes nothing of the gay and cheerful kind; an air of solemnity and seriousness is diffused over the whole. Ossian is perhaps the only poet who never relaxes, or lets himself down into the light and amusing strain; which I readily admit to be no small disadvantage to

him, with the bulk of readers. He moves perpetually in the high region of the grand and the pathetic. One key note is struck at the beginning, and supported to the end; nor is any ornament introduced, but what is perfectly concordant with the general tone or melody. The events recorded, are all serious and grave; the scenery throughout, wild and romantic. The extended heath by the sea shore; the mountain shaded with mist; the torrent rushing through a solitary valley; the scattered oaks, and the tombs of warriors overgrown with moss; all produce a solemn attention in the mind, and prepare it for great and extraordinary events. We find not in Ossian, an imagination that sports itself, and dresses out gay trifles to please the fancy. His poetry, more perhaps than that of any other writer, deserves to be styled, *The poetry of the Heart*. It is a heart penetrated with noble sentiments, and with sublime and tender passions; a heart that is full, and pours itself forth. Ossian did not write, like modern poets, to please readers and critics. He sung from the love of poetry and song. His delight was to think of the heroes among whom he had flourished; to recal the affecting incidents of his life; to dwell upon his past wars, and loves, and friendships; till, as he expresses it himself, "There comes a voice to Ossian and awakes his soul. It is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before me with all their deeds;" And under this true poetic inspiration, giving vent to his genius, no wonder we should so often hear, and acknowledge in his strains, the powerful and ever-pleasing voice of nature.

-----Arte, natura potentior omni.-----
Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.

It is necessary here to observe, that the beauties of Ossian's writings cannot be felt by those who have given them only a single or a hasty perusal. In this manner

manner is so different from that of the poets, to whom we are most accustomed; his style is so concise, and so much crowded with imagery; the mind is kept at such a stretch in accompanying the author; that an ordinary reader is at first apt to be dazzled and fatigued, rather than pleased. His poems require to be taken up at intervals, and to be frequently reviewed; and then it is impossible but his beauties must open to every reader who is capable of sensibility. Those who have the highest degree of it, will relish them the most.

As Homer is, of all the great poets, the one whose manner, and whose times come the nearest to Ossian's, we are naturally led to run a parallel in some instances between the Greek and the Celtic bard. For though Homer lived more than a thousand years before Ossian, it is not from the age of the world, but from the state of society, that we are to judge of resembling times.

The Greek has, in several points, a manifest superiority. He introduces a greater variety of incidents; he possesses a larger compass of ideas; has more diversity in his characters; and a much deeper knowledge of human nature. It was not to be expected, that in any of these particulars, Ossian could equal Homer. For Homer lived in a country where society was much farther advanced; he had beheld many more objects; cities built and flourishing; laws instituted; order, discipline, and arts begun. His field of observation was much larger and more splendid; his knowledge, of course, more extensive; his mind also, it shall be granted, more penetrating. But if Ossian's ideas and objects be less diversified than those of Homer, they are all, however, of the kind fittest for poetry: The bravery and generosity of heroes, the tenderness of lovers, the attachments of friends, parents, and children. In a rude age and country, though the events that happen be few,

the undisciplined mind broods over them more; they strike the imagination, and fire the passions in a higher degree; and, of consequence, become happier materials to a poetical genius, than the same events when scattered through the wide circle of more varied action, and cultivated life.

Homer is a more cheerful and sprightly poet than Ossian. You discern in him all the Greek vivacity; whereas Ossian uniformly maintains the gravity and solemnity of a Celtic hero. This too is, in a great measure, to be accounted for from the different situations in which they lived, partly personal, and partly national. Ossian had survived all his friends, and was disposed to melancholy by the incidents of his life. But besides this, cheerfulness is one of the many blessings which we owe to formed society. The solitary wild state is always a serious one. Bating the sudden and violent bursts of mirth, which sometimes break forth at their dances and feasts, the savage American tribes have been noted by all travellers for their gravity and taciturnity. Somewhat of this taciturnity may be also remarked in Ossian.

On all occasions he is frugal of his words; and never gives you more of an image or a description, than is just sufficient to place it before you in one clear point of view. It is a blaze of lightning, which flashes and vanishes. Homer is more extended in his descriptions; and fills them up with a greater variety of circumstances. Both the poets are dramatic; that is, they introduce their personages frequently speaking before us. But Ossian is concise and rapid in his speeches, as he is in every other thing. Homer, with the Greek vivacity, had also some portion of the Greek loquacity.

His speeches indeed are highly characteristical; and to them we are much indebted for that admirable display he has given of human nature. Yet he be tedious any where, if it is in the least; some of

them our hopes are raised, but they are not raised to the height of the subject.

them strifing; and some of them plainly unseasonable. Both poets are eminently sublime; but a difference may be remarked in the species of their sublimity. Homer's sublimity is accompanied with more impetuosity and fire; Ossian's with more of a solemn and awful grandeur. Homer hurries you along; Ossian elevates, and fixes you in astonishment. Homer is most sublime in actions and battles; Ossian, in description and sentiment. In the pathetick, Homer, when he chuses to exert it, has great power; but Ossian exerts that power much oftener, and has the character of tenderness far more deeply imprinted on his works. No poet knew better how to seize and melt the heart. With regard to dignity of sentiment, the pre-eminence must clearly be given to Ossian. This is indeed a surprising circumstance, that in point of humanity, magnanimity, virtuous feelings of every kind, our rude Celtic bard should be distinguished to such a degree, that not only the heroes of Homer, but even those of the polite and refined Virgil, are left far behind by those of Ossian.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

BEFORE the foundations of the earth were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
 From angry heav'n when the keen lightning flies,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
 Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
 And know no change, when time shall be no more.
 O endless thought! divine Eternity!
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
 For thou wert present when our life began,
 When the warm dust thro' up in breathing man,
 Ah! what is life! with ills encompass'd round,
 Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound:

To.

To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
 To-morrow *Death* destroys his airy schemes;
 Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd *herse*,
 And all thy hoards with lavish hands *disperse*.
 Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
 Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
 Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
 To suffer life beyond the date of man?
 The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream;
 She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
 To launch from earth into Eternity.
 For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
 Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

THOUGHTS ON NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION.

THE necessity of Religion in general being supposed, the question is, from what fountain we must derive it. The dispute can only be between natural and revealed religion: If Nature be able to direct us, it will be hard to justify the wisdom of God in giving us a revelation, since the revelation can only serve the same purpose, which nature alone could well supply.

Since the light of the gospel has shone throughout the world, nature has been much improving; we see many things clearly, many things which reason readily embraces, which nevertheless the world before was generally a stranger to. The Gospel has given us true notions of God and of ourselves, right conceptions of his holiness and purity, and of the nature of divine worship: It has taught us a religion, in the practice of which our present ease and com-

fort,

fort, and our hopes of future happiness and glory, consist; and by instructing us in the nature of God, and discovering to us his unity, his omnipresence, and infinite knowledge, it has furnished us even with principles of reason, by which we reject and condemn the rites and ceremonies of heathenism and idolatry, and discover wherein the beauty and holiness of divine worship consist: For the nature of divine worship must be deduced from the nature of God; and it is impossible for men to pay a reasonable service to God, till they have just and reasonable notions of him. But now, it seems, this is all become pure natural religion; and it is to our own reason and understanding that we are indebted for the notion of God and of divine worship: And whatever else in religion is agreeable to our reason, is reckoned to proceed intirely from it: And, had the unbelievers of this age heard St Peter's piteous complaint, *Lord, to whom shall we go?* they would have bidden him go to himself, and consult his own reason, and there he should find all that was worth finding in religion.

But let us, if you please, examine this pretence, and see upon what ground this plea of natural religion can be maintained.---If Nature can instruct us sufficiently in religion, we have indeed no reason to go any where else; so far we are agreed: But whether Nature can or no, is, in truth, rather a question of fact than mere speculation; for the way to know what nature can do, is to take nature by itself, and try its strength alone. There was a time when men had little else but nature to go to; and that is the proper time to look into, to see what mere and unassisted nature can do in religion. Nay, there are still nations under the sun, who are, as to religion, in a mere state of nature: The glad tidings of the gospel have not reached them, nor have they been blessed, or (to speak in the modern phrase) prejudiced with divine revelations, which we, less worthy

worthy of them than they, so much complain of: In other matters they are polite and civilized; they are cunning traders, fine artificers, and in many arts and sciences not unskilful. Here then we may hope to see natural religion in its full perfection; for there is no want of natural reason, nor any room to complain of prejudices or prepossessions: But yet, alas! these nations are holden in the chains of darkness, and given up to the blindest superstition and idolatry. . . . Men wanted not reason before the coming of Christ, nor opportunity nor inclination to improve it: Arts and sciences had long before obtained their just perfection; the number of the stars had been counted, and their motions observed and adjusted; the philosophy, oratory, and poetry of those ages are still the delight and entertainment of this. Religion was not the least part of their iniquity; they searched all the recesses of reason and nature; and, had it been in the power of reason and nature to furnish men with just notions and principles of religion, here we should have found them: But, instead of them, we find nothing but the grossest superstition and idolatry; the creatures of the earth advanced into deities, and men degenerating, and making themselves lower than the beasts of the field. Time would fail me to tell of the corruptions and extravagancies of the politest nations. Their religion was their reproach, and the service they paid their Gods was a dishonour to them and to themselves. The most sacred part of their devotion was the most impure; and the only thing that was commendable in it, is, that it was kept as a great mystery and secret, and hidden under the darkness of the night; and was reason now to judge, it would approve of nothing in this religion, but the modesty of withdrawing itself from the eyes of the world. This being the case where ever men have been left to mere reason and nature to direct them; what security have the great patrons of natural religion now, that,

that, were they left only to reason and nature, they should not run into the same errors and absurdities. Have they more reason than those who are gone before them? In all other instances nature is the same now that it ever was, and we are but acting over again the same part that our ancestors acted before us: Wisdom, and prudence, and cunning, are now what they formerly were; nor can this age shew human nature in any one character exalted beyond the examples which antiquity has left us. Can we shew greater instances of civil and political wisdom, than are to be found in the governments of Greece and Rome? Are not the civil laws of Rome still had in admiration? And have they not a place allowed them still in almost all kingdoms? Since then in nothing else we are grown wiser than the heathen world, what probability is there that we should have grown wiser in religion, if we had been left, as they were, to mere reason and nature? To this day there is no alteration for the better, except only in the countries where the gospel has been preached. What shall we say of the Chinese, a nation that wants not either reason or learning, and in some parts of it pretend to excel the world? They have been daily improving in the arts of life, and in every kind of knowledge and science; but yet in religion they are ignorant and superstitious, and have but very little what we call natural religion among them; and what ground is there to imagine, that reason would have done more, made greater discoveries of truth, or more entirely subdued the passions of men, in England, or France, or any other country of Europe, than it has in the eastern and southern parts of the world? Are not men as reasonable creatures in the East as they are in the West, and have not they the same means of exercising and improving their reason too? Why then should you think that reason would do that now in this place; which

which it has never yet been able to do in any time or place whatever?

This fact is so very plain and undeniable, that I cannot but think, that, would men consider it fairly, they would soon be convinced how much they were indebted to the revelation of the gospel, even for that natural religion which they so fondly boast of; for how comes it to pass, that there is so much reason, such clear natural religion, in every country where the gospel is professed, and so little of both every where else?

PARALLEL BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND CORNEILLE.

NOTHING can be more conducive to form the taste, than to draw a parallel between the genius's of such as have distinguished themselves in any branch of literature; and, by weighing their merits in the balance of criticism, enable ourselves to ascertain with exactitude on which side the scale of excellence preponderates. Such a comparison seems much better calculated to give us a perfect idea of the meaning of the word Genius, a word made use of by every body, but understood by very few, than a pedantic definition, which strives in vain to explain an abstract term, by other terms equalled abstracted. Many critics have been sensible of this, and we find the admirers of classical learning frequently employed in drawing parallels between Homer and Virgil, Horace and Juvenal, Plautus and Terence, &c. They have discussed their several claims to pre-eminence with an exactness as scrupulous as plenipotentiaries adjust the rights of kingdoms, or heralds the punctios of ceremony. It therefore appears surprizing, that the same attention has not been given to the moderns, as a comparison of the merits of such as have excelled in living languages, must be much more useful and instructive than those of authors, who have

have written in languages which we cannot understand, and of whose beauties we cannot, at this distance of time, have a perfect and lively view of at best.

These considerations will, 'tis apprehended, sufficiently evince the utility of a parallel between the characters of the two great dramatic genius's of France and England. Every body must easily guess that these can mean no other than Shakespeare and Corneille, between whom there is a striking resemblance in many particulars, which to lay before the reader, and at the same time trace out the circumstances that characterise both, may contribute, in some measure, to promote the knowledge of the theatre.

CORNEILLE.

It will be found a just observation, though it has not hitherto occurred to any of the critics, that an author's peculiar character is stamp'd upon his works, and may be discovered under the disguise of different forms in all his compositions; at least in all his compositions of the same kind. Whatever may have been asserted to the contrary, it is no more possible for an author totally to vary his manner, than for an actor to assume a face entirely new in every character he plays: this cannot be said even of Garrick himself, though he understands the art of disguising his face and person so well, that he may justly be called the theatrical Proteus. But to return to the subject in question:

Corneille was the father of dramatic poetry in France, as Shakespeare was in England, like him excelled both in tragedy and comedy, and wrote a great number of pieces in both ways. The sublime, however, seems to characterise the genius of Corneille; but that of Shakespeare is so various and fertile, that 'tis hardly possible to point out, in what he excels most, or shew the predominant beauty of his works. If we may venture to give the preference to his execution in any particular part of poetical composition, he seems to have surpassed himself

in what Longinus calls the Terrible Graces. How weak is Milton's description of the infernal regions, compared with that scene of Hamlet in which the ghost makes its appearance: a scene which is undoubtedly the master-piece of poetical painting in the gloomy way. It exhibits a variety of objects, and varies appearances a thousand ways, all equally calculated to excite awe and terroure in the minds of the spectators. There is not a single change in this scene that would not furnish matter for a picture, and require the pencil of a Raphael in the execution.

To cite all its beauties would make it necessary to transcribe the whole. The reader, it is apprehended, will not be displeased with the following quotation; as it contains a description almost equal to the admired one of Dover-cliff:

But though Cornelle's language is not so strong as Milton's, yet it is not less beautiful. What if it tempt you to the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er its base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form
That might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it!
The very place puts toys of desperation
Into each head that looks so many fathoms to the
sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

The dagger-scene in Macbeth, and the scene in which King John excites Hubert to the murder of Arthur, as well as those in which he upbraids him for it, are farther instances of what has been above asserted.

The genius of Cornelle is entirely of a different kind; an uniform, sublime, and manly eloquence, in what he must excel in; and as these were the characteristics of Roman eloquence, he has taken most of his subjects from the Roman history. The

account

account which Cinna gives to Emilia of his harangue to the conspirators, is a master-piece in this way ; and his description of the cruelties of the triumvirs a picture replete with horror. The reader, by comparing them, will be enabled to form a judgment of the different talents of these two great masters for descriptive poetry.

*Je les peinds en meurtre a l'envie triumpans ;
Rome entiere noyee au sang de ses enfans,
Les un assassinez dans les places publiques,
Les autres dans le sein de leur Dieux domestiques :
Les mechans par le prix au meurtre engages,
Le mari par sa femme dans son lit egorge,
Le fils tout degoutant du meurtre de son pere,
Et sa tete a la main demandant son salaire,*

But though Corneille abounds with elevation and manly eloquence, and with profound and sententious maxims, in which he is not inferior to Tacitus himself, it will be in vain to search in him for that unexhausted imagination equally fruitful in the sublime and the pathetic, the fanciful and picturesque, the gloomy and the gay ; or for that variety of characters, all so strongly marked and well contrasted, that there is not a single speech which could, with propriety, be transferred from one character to another. In this respect, Shakespeare surpasses all other poets, and may be justly looked upon as the mirror of nature, in which the features of the mind are as exactly reflected as those of the face are by a glass.

In the plans of Corneille's tragedies, a striking resemblance is often discoverable in the main plot and characters of different pieces. Thus the struggle between filial piety and the passion of love is the foundation of the distress of the Cid ; and the struggle between love of country and private affection, that of the tragedy of the Horatii, represented

upon the English theatre under the title of the Roman Father. Ximena in the Cid solicits vengeance from the king for the murder of her father, who had been slain in a duel by Roderigo, whom she passionately loved. In the Horatii a brother slays his sister for lamenting the enemy of her country; and her father excuses the action. But all Shakespeare's tragedies turn upon subjects different from each other; 'tis impossible to shew any resemblance between the plans of Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Julius Caesar, and Romeo. The distress in the first is founded upon the sufferings of a parent; of the second, upon those of a son; of the third, upon those of a jealous husband; of the fourth, upon those of unfortunate patriots; and of the last, upon those of an unhappy lover.

It must be owned, indeed, that Shakespeare has twice treated upon the same subject: ambition is the ground-work both of Macbeth and Richard; but our admiration of the poet must increase, when we consider, that he has found the secret to represent two ambitious men in such opposite lights. The ambition of Richard is resolute and determinate, that of Macbeth wavering and distracted.

Corneille, indeed, though greatly inferior to Shakespeare in the main, excels him in two respects, namely, in the artful and judicious arrangement of incidents, and the correctness and regularity of his pieces; which articles, however, are not peculiar to the province of a poet.

In fine, Shakespeare seems to have been too great a genius to be methodical, Corneille too methodical to be looked upon as a great genius; but it is apprehended that none will dispute that the former was a great poetical genius, and the latter an excellent dramatic poet.

POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By faint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First cause, least understood :
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill ;
 And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away ;
 For God is paid when Man receives :
 Th' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, Oh teach my heart
 To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,

Or impious discontent,

At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,

Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see;

That mercy I to others shew,

That mercy shew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,

Since quicken'd by thy breath;

Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,

Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;

All else beneath the sun,

Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not.

And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,

Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;

One chorus let all being raise!

All Nature's incense rise!

THE DANGER OF RELIGION WITHOUT MORALITY.

I BELIEVE there is no one mistaken principle, which, for its time has wrought more serious mischiefs. For a general proof of this, examine the history of the Romish church. See what scenes of cruelty, murders, rapines, bloodshed, have all been sanctified by a religion, not strictly guarded and governed by morality. In how many kingdoms of the world, has the crusading sword of this misguided Saint-errant, spared neither age, nor merit, nor sex, nor condition? And, as he fought under the banners of a religion, which set him loose from justice and humanity, he shewed none; mercilessly trampled upon both; heard neither the cries of

the

the unfortunate, nor pity their distresses.---If the testimony of past centuries in this matter be not sufficient,---consider, at this instant, how the votaries of that religion are every day thinking to do service and honour to God by actions, which are a dishonour and scandal to themselves.---To be convinced of this, go with me, for a moment into the prisons of the inquisition.---Behold religion, with mercy and justice chained down under her feet;---there sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks and instruments of torment. Hark!--hark!--what a piteous groan! See the melancholy wretch, who uttered it, just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the utmost pains that a studied system of cruelty has been able to invent.---Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors; his body so wasted with sorrow and confinement, you will see every nerve and muscle as it suffers.---Observe the last movement of that horrid engine! See what convulsions it has thrown him into!--Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched!--What exquisite tortures he endures by it!--'Tis all nature can bear!--Good God! See how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips! willing to take its leave, but not suffered to depart!--Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell! See him dragged out again to meet the flames and the insults in his last agonies! which this principle, that there can be religion without mercy, has prepared for him.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful providence.
When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,

Colour

Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
 And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
 The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show,
 The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
 But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost;
 No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
 Yet still, even now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand:
 Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
 Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send,
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are;
 But this we know, that heav'n's eternal king,
 Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his *Word* bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all powerful *Word* shall hear.
 ----- When to the western main the sun descends,
 To other lands a rising day he lends,
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
 With us again the rosy morning wakes;

In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.
 ----- When the pure soul is from the body flow'n,
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known:
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
 But from the thr' Almighty streams of glory flow.
 Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
 But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

THOUGHTS ON THE SHORTNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

"DESOLATE is the dwelling of Moira, silence in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning over the strangers. One day we must fall; and they have only fallen before us.---Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days! Thou lookest from thy towers to day: soon will the blast of the desert come. It howls in thy empty court, and whistles over thy half worn shield."

How long shall we weep on Lena, or pour our tears in Ullin! The mighty will not return; nor Oscar rise in his strength; the valiant must fall one day, and be no more known. Where are our fathers, O warriors, the chiefs of the times of old! They are set, like stars that have shone: we only hear the sound of their praise. But they were renowned in their day, and the terror of other times. Thus shall we pass, O warriors, in the day of our fall. Then let us be renowned while we may; and leave our fame behind us, like the last beam of the sun, when he hides his red head in the west.

REMON.

ON HAPPINESS.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim,
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name!
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise,
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow!
 Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with Diamonds in the flaming mine?
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where.
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, St. John dwells with thee.
 Ask of the Learn'd the way! The Learn'd are blind;
 This bids to serve, and that to slay mankind;
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
 Some sunk to Beasts, find Pleasure end in Pain;
 Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain;
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
 Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
 Take Nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well.
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.
 Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
 "Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
 And makes what Happiness we justly call
 Subst, not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit rests self-satisfy'd:
 Who most to hurt or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend;
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink.
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their Happiness;
 But mutual wants this Happiness increase;
 All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But Fortune's gifts, if each alike possess,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear:
 Not present good, or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better or of worse.

Oh! sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies;
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

REMONSTRANCE AND CONTEMPT OF PRIDE.

DOES greatness secure persons of rank from infirmities either of body or mind? Will the head-ach, the gout, or fever, spare a prince any more than a subject? When old age comes to lie heavy upon him, will his engineers relieve him of the load? Can his guards and sentinels by doubling and trebling their numbers and their watchfulness, prevent the approach of death? Nay, if jealousy, or even ill-humour disturb his happiness, will the cringes of his fawning attendants restore his tranquillity? What comfort has he in reflecting, (if he can make the

the reflection), while the colic, like Prometheus's vulture, tears his bowels, that he is under a canopy of crimson velvet, fringed with gold? When the pangs of the gout, or stone, extort from him screams of agony, do the titles of Highness or Majesty come sweetly into his ear? If he be agitated with rage, does the sound of Serene, or Most Christian, prevent his staring, reddening, and gnashing with his teeth, like a madman? Would not a twinge of the tooth-ach, or an affront from an inferior, make the mighty Cæsar forget that he was Emperour of the world?

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS

ATHERNS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools, which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay; and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world: For Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her

her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man, who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, than he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires, at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents of which he was so eminently possessed, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest digni-
ties

ties of the state; and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that, travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed amongst the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he

was

was brutally repulsed by the attending listers. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another ; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness ; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger : in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep ; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat ; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further enquiry, an alarm was spread ; the cave was examined ; and Alcander was apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty ; he was determined to make no defence ; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder,

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100
der, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, whilst the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still further encreased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE FORCE OF G R A T I T U D E.

A GENTLEMAN in the western parts of England had two daughters at marriage estate, the elder of whom was addressed by a person, whose birth and fortune rendered him more than an equal match; but notwithstanding these advantages, joined to a most graceful form, and many great accomplishments of mind, she could not be brought to listen to his courtship with any degree of satisfaction, while her younger sister languished in the most ardent passion for him:—her love was of that pure and disinterested kind, that though by what she felt, she was too well convinced that she never could be happy without a return in kind; yet so much did she prefer his satisfaction to her own, that she did him all the good offices in her power with her sister:—their father soon discovered the different inclinations of his daughters, and fearing he should never be able to bring the eldest to abate her aversion, and loath to lose the opportunity

opportunity of so good a match for one of them, would fain have endeavoured to turn the current of the gentleman's affections to the youngest; but all efforts of that nature were wholly vain;---his reason avowed the merits of the kinder fair,---it pointed out the lasting comforts he might enjoy with one who tenderly loved him; but his heart refused to listen to any other dictates than its own, and shut out all impressions but those it had at first received:---not all the disdain he was treated with by the one, had power to abate the ardour of his flame; nor all the lost, though modest tokens of an affection adequate to her sister's hate, could in the other kindle the least spark:---a kind look from the one transported him beyond himself, but the tender glances of the other served only to add to his disquietude.

Thus did the beautiful insensible, her hapless sister, and despairing lover, unwillingly continue to torment each other, till one ill-fated day put a final period to all uncertainty and vain dependence.

The gentleman had lately bought a little pinnace, beautifully ornamented and fitted up for pleasure; to this he invited the two sisters, with several other ladies and gentlemen, who lived near the sea-side, in order to give them a regale on board. The weather being calm and clear when they set out, tempted them to sail a considerable distance from shore; when, all at once, the aspect of the heavens was changed, and, from a most serene sky, became clouded and tempestuous:---the wind grew every moment higher, and blew so strong against them, that, in spite of their intention, they were borne still farther out to sea. The storm increasing, the vessel being weak, and, as some say, the mariners unskilful, it bulged against a rock, and split at the bottom:---the sea came pouring in on all sides;---there was but a moment between the accident and sinking:---every one was in the utmost consternation;---the circumstances admitted no time for con-

sideration;---all jumped overboard, taking hold of those they were the most anxious to preserve;---the gentleman caught the two sisters, one under each arm, and for a while, even thus encumbered, combated the waves; but his strength failing, there was an absolute necessity to quit his grasp of the one, in order to save the other; on which, following the emotions of his gratitude, rather than his love, he let go the eldest of these ladies, and swam with the younger till he reached the shore.

One of the sailors who had gone under his protection, saw the distress of her, whom her lover had left floating, and caught hold of her garments just as she was sinking; but destiny forbade success to his endeavours; a billow, too large and boisterous for human skill or strength to cope with, came rolling over them both, and plunged this unfortunate lady, with her intended deliverer, in the immense abyss.

Her lover, who had just eased himself of his burthen, beheld from the shore what had befallen her, and not able to survive the shock, turned to the lady he had preserved at the expence of all he valued in life, and with a countenance full of horror and despair, said to her, "Madam, I have discharged my debt of gratitude to you, for the unsought affection you have for me;---I must now obey the calls of love, and follow her, whom to outlive would be the worst of hells." With these words, they say, he threw himself with the utmost violence among the waves, which immediately swallowed him up.

The young lady had neither power nor time to utter any thing to prevent so desperate a deed, and only giving a great shriek, fell down in a swoon; in which posture she was found by those, who, seeing the distress of the pinnacle afar off, were coming to administer what relief the occasion would admit.

ALEX.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,

By Philip's warlike son:

Aloft in awful state

The god-like hero sat

On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;

So should desert in arms be crown'd.

The lovely Thais by his side

Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,

In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high,

Amid the tuneful quire,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,

Who left his blissful seats above;

(Such is the pow'r of mighty Love!)

A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:

Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,

When he to fair Olympia prefs'd,

And while he sought her snowy breast:

Then round her slender waist he curl'd,

And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.

The list'ning croud admire the lofty sound;

A present deity, they shout around:

A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravish'd ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the god,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung;

Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:

The jolly god in triumph comes;

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

Flush'd with a purple grace

He shews his honest face;

Now gives the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!

Bacchus ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain:

Bacchus'

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain;

The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood:
 Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With down-cast look the joyless victor lay,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree:
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures;
 War he sung is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, Oh, think it worth enjoying.
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applauses;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet, a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep afunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!

These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!

The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago
Ere heaving billows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute

And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cæcilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,

With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before;
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

ON MODESTY.

I KNOW no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say, such an one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, A man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I were but to define Modesty, I would call it the reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone, as in company; and as subject to a blush in his closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father, but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon

upon him, was so oppressed, when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take Assurance to be, The faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world; but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions be at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain, that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say, a modest assurance ;

ance; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies, or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints, his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

ON CHEARFULNESS.

I HAVE always preferred Cheerfulness to Mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depth of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks thro' a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart, that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred Person, who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Chearfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those, who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those, who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured upon him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons with whom he converses, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those, who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a

secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person, who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the Author of nature. An inward chearfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state, wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in his conduct towards man.

A man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of chearfulness; in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he look into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed on him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of chearfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surround-

ed with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add, those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

PROSPERITY and Adversity, The daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phenician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the souls are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to

each by turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom, she said, it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time. Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lots, each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn, and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio. Soon after the celebration of these nuptials, Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods, he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by banks; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by economy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandise failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men, whom

he had feasted and made presents to ; but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn ; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled : Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with intreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died, in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps : And to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate ; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes, and, to complete all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors and retired into Sicily. Collecting, therefore, the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads and forests over-grown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time ; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him mod-

est and humble, taught him to compassionate the distressed of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

'I am sent,' said she, 'by the gods to those alone whom they love: For I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with a greater relish, all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates and Timoleon to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every human age. Prosperity, my smiling, but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced, to be scourged by her cruel followers, to Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful habitations of Tranquillity and Content.'

Arenio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly in her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, 'That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the Gods who want nothing.' She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendour; and in his addresses to the gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of

her following instruction.

her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed in the following manner.

'As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, whom if he remember as he ought, his life will be honourable and his death happy.'

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But, though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet, as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters, the following inscription.

Beneath

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell;
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What palace can display so fair a train?

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured
and lamented.

ALMERIA; OR, THE PENITENT.

WITHDRAWN from all temptations that entice,

The frauds of fashion, and the snares of vice,
From all that can inspire unchaste delight,
To my dear-bleeding family I write;
But oh! my pen the tender task denies;
And all the daughter rushes to my eyes.
Oft as the paper to my hand I brought,
My hand still trembled at the shock of thought;
Sighs interrupt the story of my woe,
My blushes burn me, and my tears o'erflow;
But Nature now insists upon her claim,
Strikes the fine nerve, and gives me up to shame!
No more the anxious wish can I restrain,
Silent no longer can your child remain;
Write, write, I must, each hope, each fear declare,
And try, once more, to win a father's care!
Scorn not, ah! scorn not then the mournful verse,
Revive thy blessing, and recal thy curse;
Give to a daughter's wrongs, one parent-sigh,
Nor let a mother my LAST pray'r deny.
Yet where, oh where, shall I the tale begin,
And where conclude the narrative of sin?
How each dire circumstance of guilt disclose,
Unload my breast, and open all its woes?
How, to an injur'd parent, shall I tell
The arts by which I stray'd, by which I fell?
No common language can the scenes express,
Where every line should mark extreme distress;
More human words, unequal all, we find
To paint the feelings of a wounded mind:
'Tis not the scribbler's vein, the songster's art,
Nor the wild genius of a vacant heart,
'Tis not the lines that musically flow
To mark the poet's well-imagin'd woe;
Nor all the tones of the tuneful tribe,
Can such a mighty grief as MINE describe.
Null off has scorpion-foamy to my view
Imag'd each anguish that a parent knew;

At midnight's still and searching hour she came,
 Glar'd round my bed, and chill'd my soul with shame,
 Crouded each black idea in my sight,
 And gloom'd a chaos on the balmy night.

"Behold,—she said,—on the damp bed of earth,
 Behold th' unhappy man, who gave thee birth;
 In dust he rolls his sorrow-silver'd hair,
 And on each muscle sits intense despair;
 See how the passions vary in his face,
 Tear his old frame, and testify disgrace;
 Retir'd from home, in silence to complain
 To the pale moon, the veteran tells his pain;
 Now sinks oppress'd, now sudden starts away,
 Abhors the night, yet sickens at the day.

THE DISTRESSES OF A DAUGHTER.

OF those things called fights in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, "because, said he, I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle visitant who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with the painful reflection, that it is not in their power to alleviate it." He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend, and the other persons of the party, (amongst whom were several ladies); and they went in a body to Moor-fields.

Their Conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness: The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: he seemed surpris'd at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevail'd on to leave that part of the house without shewing them some others; who,

as he expressed it in the phrase of those who keep wild beasts for show, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man, who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by intersecting it with cross lines: A decent looking man came up, and smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician: "He fell a sacrifice," said he, "to the theory of comets; for, having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, Sir, continued the stranger, I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here, than the man who attends your companions." Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them, and they consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked, South-sea annuities, India-stock, and three per cent annuities consol. "This," said Harley's instructor, "was a gentleman well known in Change-Alley: He was worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the west, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and so returned to town to follow his

his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me the other day, that against the next payment of differences he should be some hundreds above a plum."

"It is a spondee, and I will maintain it," interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. "That figure," said the gentleman, whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a school-master of some reputation: he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronounciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits he makes frequent mention of one Mr Bentley—

"But delusive ideas, Sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse." "It is true," answered Harley, "the passions of men are temporary madnesses; and sometimes very fatal in their effects,

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"It was indeed," said the stranger, "a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the north would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it."—"Sir!" said Harley, with no small surprise in his countenance.—"Why, yes," answered the other, "the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Cham of Tartary."

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and, bowing as low to the monarch as

his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house let apart for the infane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity: Her face, though pale and wasted, was less equalled than those of the others, and shewed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unminged with horror: upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper, who accompanied them observed it: "This," said he, "is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard be true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune: but Love, they say is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West-Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and of obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent; he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition in which you see her. But God would not prosper

per such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar."

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice: he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger: she turned them now upon Harley—"My Billy is no more! (said she)—Do you weep for my Billy?—Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!" She drew nearer to Harley—"Be comforted, young Lady, said he, your Billy is in heaven." "Is he, indeed! and shall we meet again?—and shall that frightful man, (pointing to the Keeper) not be there?—Alas! I am grown naught of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven: yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing:—you shall hear me,—hush!

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast,

"And green the sod that wraps his grave."

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and except the Keepers, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again? said she; I would not have you weep:—you are like my Billy;—you are, believe me;—just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy!—'twas the last time ever we met!—

"'Twas when the seas were roaring—I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him."—She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both his, and bathed it in tears.—"Nay, that is Billy's ring, said she, you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to-day of some gold-thread

from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl;—but my heart is harmless; my poor heart; it will burst some day; feel how it beats.”—She press’d his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening—“Mark! one, two, three!—be quiet, thou little trembler;—my Billy’s cold!—but I had forgotten the ring.”—She put it on his finger,—“Farewel! I must leave you now.”—She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips.—“I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly: farewel!”—She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity: his friend gave money to the keeper.—Harley looked on his ring.—He put a couple of guineas into the man’s hand:—“Be kind to that unfortunate.”—He burst into tears, and left them.

ELEGY OF A NIGHTINGALE.

FOR ELUSINO lost,—renew the strain,

Pour the sad note upon the ev’ning gale;

And as the length’ning shades usurp the plain,

The silent moon shall listen to the tale.

Sore was the time—ill fated was the hour,

The thickest shook with many an omen dire!

When from the topmost twig of yonder bower,

I saw my husband—tremble and expire.

’Twas when the peasant sought his twilight rest,

Beneath the brow of yonder breezy hill;

’Twas when the plummy nation sought the nest,

And all, but such as lov’d the night, were still;

That—as I sat with all a lover’s pride,

(As was my custom when the sun withdrew)

Dear Elusino, sudden left my side,

And the curs’d form of man appear’d in view,

For sport, the tube he level’d at our head,

And, curious to behold more near my race,

Low in the copse the artful robber laid,

Explor’d our haunt, and thunder’d at the place.

Ingrateful

Ingrateful wretch—he was our shepherd's son—

The harmless, good old tenant of yon cot!—

That shepherd would not such a deed have done!—

'Twas love to him that fix'd us to this spot.

Oft' as at eve his homeward steps he bent,

When the laborious task of day was o'er,

Our mellow'd warbling sooth'd him as he went,

'Till the charm'd hind—forgot that he was poor.

Ah—could not this, thy gratitude inspire?

Could not our gentle visitations please!

Could not the blameless lessons of thy fire

Restrain thy barb'rous hand, from crimes like these?

Oh cruel boy—thou tyrant of the plain!

Couldst thou but see the sorrows thou hast made,

Or didst thou know the virtues thou hast slain,

And view the gloomy horrors of the shade:

Couldst thou—behold—my infant younglings lay,

In the moss cradle which our bills prepar'd,

Babes as they were—the offspring of the day—

Their wings defenceless, and their bosoms bar'd:

Surely, the mighty malice of thy kind,

Thy pow'r to wrong, and readiness to kill;

In common pity, to the parent's mind,

Would cease the new made father's blood to spill.

Haply—the time may come, when heav'n may give

To thee, the troubles thou hast heap'd on me.

Haply—ere well thy babes begin to live,

Death shall present the dart of misery.

Just as the tender hope begins to rise,

As the fond mother hugs her darling boy;

As the big rapture trembles in the eyes,

And the breast throbs with all a parent's joy;

Then may some midnight robber,—skill'd in guile,

Resolv'd on plunder, and on deeds of death;

Thy fairy prospects—tender transports spoil,

And to the knife—reign thy children's breath.

In that sad moment shall thy savage heart,

Feel the keen anguish, desperate, and wild,

Conscience forlorn, shall doubly point the smart;

And justice whisper—this is child for child.—

Rest of their sire—my babes, alas! must sigh—

For grief obstructs the widow's anxious care;

This wasted form—this ever-weeping eye,

And the deep note of desolate despair;

All load this bosom with a freight, so sore,

Scarce can I cater for their daily food!

Where'er I search—my husband scarce I'd before—

And soon—my nest, will hold—an orphan brood!

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

NOTHING has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all, but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools, as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprised to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transaction; and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the use of books. The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for instruction. They therefore step out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and scorn on a race of beings, to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whose manners they must imitate, and with whose opinions they

must

must comply, if they desire to pass their time happily among them.

To lessen that disdain with which scholars are inclined to look on the common business of the world, and the unwillingness with which they condescend to learn what is not to be found in any system of philosophy, it may be necessary to consider, that tho' admiration is excited by abstruse researches and remote discoveries, yet pleasure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by softer accomplishments, and qualities more easily communicable to those about us. He who can only converse upon questions, about which only a small part of mankind has knowledge sufficient to make them curious, must lose his days in unsocial silence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He who can only be useful in great occasions, may die without exerting his abilities, and stand a helpless spectator of a thousand vexations which fret away happiness, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readiness of expedients.

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance, or to extinguish the desire of fond endearments, and tender officiousness; and therefore, no one should think it unnecessary to learn those arts by which friendship may be gained. Kindness is preserved by a constant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleasures; but such benefits only can be bestowed, as others are capable of receiving; and such pleasures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost; for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination, he remits his splendour but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN ENTERING INTO THE WORLD.

AS it has been observed that few are better qualified to give others advice, than those who have taken the least of it themselves; so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorized to offer mine; and must take leave to throw together a few observations upon that part of a young man's conduct on his entering into life, as it is called,

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteadily, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse; people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice: great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the illusion still improves, by observing, that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A Conjuror and a Taylor once happened to converse together. "Alas! cries the Taylor, what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people ever take it into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to."

"Indeed,

" Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely, replies the Conjurer; but, thank heaven, things are not so bad with me: for if one trick should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land; the Taylor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor Conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very Taylor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich; and then shew away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is confirmed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pond-side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and flapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a fly snap; but suppressing his indignation,

indignation, because his master was high, "A pox take thee, cries he, for a fool; sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the geese, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own; but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A Painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and, in general, applauded; but each, willing to shew his talent in criticism, stigmatized whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the Painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot; not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. "Well," cries the Painter,

Painter, "I now find, that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing one half of it."

ON THE DUTY OF MERCY AND SIN OF CRUELTY TO BRUTE ANIMALS.

AS the love and mercy of God are over all his works, from the highest rational to the lowest sensitive, our love and mercy are not to be confined within the circle of our own friends, acquaintances, and neighbours: nor limited to the more enlarged sphere of human nature, to creatures of our own rank, shape, and capacity; but are to be extended to every object of the love and mercy of God *the universal parent*; who, as he is *righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works*, will undoubtedly require of man, superior man, a strict account of his conduct to every creature entrusted to his care, or coming in his way; and who will avenge every instance of wanton cruelty and oppression, *in the day in which he will judge the world in righteousness.*"

"I presume there is no *man of feeling*, who has any idea of *justice*, but would confess upon the principles of reason and common *sense*, that if he were to be put to *unnecessary* and *unmerited* pain by another man, his tormentor would do him an act of *injustice*; and from a sense of the injustice in his *own* case, now that he is the sufferer, he must naturally infer, that if he were to put *another* man of feeling to the same unnecessary and unmerited pain which he now suffers, the injustice in himself to the other would be exactly the same as the injustice in his tormentor to him. Therefore the man of feeling and justice will not put another man to unmerited pain, because he will not do that to another, which he

he is unwilling should be done to himself. Nor will he take any advantage of his own superiority of strength, or of the accidents of fortune, to abuse them to the oppression of his inferior; because he knows that in the article of feeling all men are equal; and that the differences of strength or station are as much the gifts and appointments of God, as the differences of understanding, colour, or stature. Superiority of rank or station may give ability to communicate happiness, (and seems so intended;) but it can give no right to inflict unnecessary or unmerited pain. A wise man would impeach his own wisdom, and be unworthy of the blessing of a good understanding, if he were to infer from thence, that he had a right to despise or make game of a fool; or put him to any degree of pain. The folly of the fool ought rather to excite his compassion, and demands the wise man's care and attention to one who cannot take care of himself.

It has pleased God the father of all men to cover some men with white skins, and other with black skins: but as there is neither merit nor demerit in complexion, the white man (notwithstanding the barbarity of custom and prejudice) can have no right, by virtue of his colour, to enslave and tyrannize over a black man; nor has a fair man any right to despise, abuse, and insult a brown man. Nor do I believe that a tall man, by virtue of his stature, has any legal right to trample a dwarf under his foot. For, whether a man be wise or foolish, white or black, fair or brown, tall or short, and I might add rich or poor (for it is no more a man's choice to be poor, than it is to be a fool, or a dwarf, or black, or tawny,) such he is by God's appointment; and, abstractedly considered, is neither a subject for pride, nor an object of contempt. Now if amongst men, the differences of their powers of the mind, and of their complexion, stature, and accidents of fortune, do not give to any one man a right to abuse or insult

any other man on account of these differences ; for the same reason, a man can have no natural right to abuse and torment a beast, merely because a beast has not the *mental* powers of a man. For such as the man is, he is but as God made him ; and the very same is true of the beast. Neither of them can lay claim to any intrinsic *merit*, for being such as they are ; for before they were created, it was impossible that either of them could deserve ; and at their creation, their shapes, perfections, or defects were invariably fixed, and their bounds set which they cannot pass. And being such, neither more nor less than God made them, there is no more desert in a beast's being a beast, than there is merit in a man's being a man ; that is, their is neither merit nor demerit in either of them.

“ A *brute* is an animal no less sensible of pain than a man. He has similar nerves and organs of sensation ; and his cries and groans, in case of violent impressions upon his body, though he cannot utter his complaints by speech or human voice, are as strong indications to us of his sensibility of pain, as the cries and groans of a *human* being, whose language we do not understand. Now as pain is what we are all averse to, our own sensibility of pain should teach us to commiserate it in others, to alleviate it if possible, but never wantonly or unmeritedly to inflict it. As the differences among men in the above particulars are no bars to their feelings, so neither does the difference of the *shape* of a brute from that of a man exempt the brute from feeling ; at least we have no ground to suppose it. But shape or figure is as much the appointment of God, as complexion or stature. And if the difference of complexion or stature does not convey to one man a right to despise and abuse another man, the difference of shape between a man and a brute, cannot give to a man any right to abuse and torment a brute. For he who made man and man to differ in com-

complexion or stature, made man and brute to differ in shape or figure. And in this case likewise there is neither merit nor demerit; every creature, whether man or brute, bearing that shape which the supreme Wisdom judged most expedient to answer the end for which the creature was ordained."

A TREATISE ON EDUCATION.

A few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet it is a little surprising, that it has been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner. They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to individuals and to society; and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject; instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical systems, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the fallies of imagination, and given us the result of their observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subject, the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence; and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a topic, where his slightest deviations may tend to injure the rising generation. However, such are the whimsical and erroneous productions written upon this subject. Their authors have studied to be uncommon, not to be just; and, at present, we want a treatise upon education, not to tell us any thing new, but, to explode the errors which have been introduced by the admirers of novelty. It is in this manner books become numerous; a desire of novelty produces a book, and other books are required to destroy the former.

I shall, therefore, throw out a few thoughts upon

upon this subject, which, though known, have not been attended to by others; and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated, is, some in free-schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this, much more than a continuance in town. Thus far he is right; if there were a possibility of having even our free-schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of, perhaps, the mind as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth; I have found, by experience, that they, who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said that the boarding-schools are preferable to free-schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them; otherwise, it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions? he finds his last resource in setting up a school. Do any become bankrupts in trade? they still set up a boarding-school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers, who have turned school-masters; and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people; could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe; and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents?

The care of our children, is it below the state? Is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the

disposal of their children in this particular? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient; but surely, with great ease, it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all professions in society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a school-master; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of school-masters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people! a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other respects, term the wisest and greatest upon earth. But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short, I would make the business of a school-master every way more respectable, by increasing their salaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

It is true, we have already school-masters appointed, and they have some small salaries; but where at present there is only one school-master appointed, there should at least be two; and where ever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be a hundred. Do we give immoderate benefits to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary; and I will be bold enough to say, that school-masters in a state, are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But, lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the tutor. This is commonly some poor needy animal, little superior

to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. "You give your child to be educated to a slave," says a philosopher to a rich man; "instead of one slave, you will then have two."

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher, as well as the master; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If then, a gentleman, upon putting out his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by the boys: the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule: the master himself, now and then, cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such little ceremony. If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose, that there are some schools without these inconveniences, where the masters and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; the little tricks they play each

other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world; and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school; but it is better to know these when a boy, than be first taught them when a man; for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage; since it may justly be said, that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit, *Plus occidit gula quam gladius*. And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that Mr Locke, and some others, have advised that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship, from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions, but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know, that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions, that they cross rivers by swimming, endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep, to a surprising degree; that, when they happen to fall sick, they are cured without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and to accustom ourselves betimes to support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered first, how many lives are lost in this aëtic practice; had they considered, that those savages and peasants are generally not so long lived as they who have led a more indolent life; that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country: had they considered, that what physicians call the *Stamina Vitæ*, by fatigue and labour become rigid, and thus anticipate old age: that the number who survive those

those rude trials, bears no proportion to those who die in the experiment. Had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should only drink sea-water, but they unfortunately all died under the trial.

But, while I would exclude all unnecessary labours, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite, as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though ever so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding-school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is, to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone, they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject, may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well, had we more misers than we have among us. I know few characters more useful in society; for a man's having a larger or smaller sharer of money lying useless by him, no way injures the commonwealth; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not encrease the commodities or pleasures of life; they would still remain as they are at present: it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious; and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the ne-

cessaries

cessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly, *non enim ex vasa vituperatio habet immensam*. Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance, in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth, where such an one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he, at last, became lord-mayor; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty; to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind, than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or a hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our school-masters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils, than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they may afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the ancients complains, that as soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region. "*Ut cum in forum venerint existiment se in aliam terrarum orbem delatos.*" We should therefore, early instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their

their instruction; they have never before seen the phenomena and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their pastime in school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement; the different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours; and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first then it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shewn; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and, though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institutions of effect and cause.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination: instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toll through the

four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided; a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much, that he sometimes continues a coxcomb all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, generally go through their business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared, who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence, which often, without pleasing, convinces, is generally destroyed by such institutions. Convincing eloquence is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue or the most pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, as that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause

cause of his client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens; the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and shewed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators, is little less than to teach them to be poets; and, for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a Talker in all, but a Master in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for every thing, and only shews his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connection; so the reader must not be surpris'd to find me once more addressing school-masters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translation. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties, would not be the most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the antients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language.

It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation, on the opposite page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would at-

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tempt to remember them, to save himself the trouble of looking out for it for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgotten whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem, to me, only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtilties, which, at a proper age, he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves; and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness, but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but, though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but I know not how; there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality.

When

Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him: his accusers stood forth; he had liberty of pleading in his own defence; and one or two more had the liberty of pleading against him: when found guilty by the panel, he was consigned to the footman, who attended in the house, and had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this mean the master took off the odium of punishment from himself: and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.

LANGUAGE, HOW ACQUIRED.

IS language natural to man without any external assistance? — When we take a view of the creation, the order and degrees of things, how admirable is the gradation through inanimates, vegetives, animates, up to rationals! — In the lowest class of beings stand inanimates; which exist, indeed, but without any signs of life and increase, without the least approach to vegetables, its next in rank. Vegetables more than barely exist; they flourish, they grow, they live, they increase to a state of maturity, propagate their species, wither and die. Plants approach to animals, shewing a kind of sensation at the extremes of heat and cold. No vegetables are attributed, by an elegance, and in some sort, with a propriety of language, all the qualities of animates. Thus a flower is said to be tender, alive, dead; the valleys to stand so thick with corn, that they laugh and sing; and the little hills to rejoice on every side. Animals again stand higher; these are voluntary agents; are endued with self-motion, with instincts of caution and self-preservation; some give strong efforts of reason and memory, have an aptness to learn, particularly a dog and a horse, those most useful

useful and most abused creatures, which will do every thing but speak: some birds indeed will attempt even this, so far as to utter a few words, but are by no means able to carry on any regular discourse in a chain of reasoning and argument: No; this is the peculiar of rationals, the highest in order and dignity. Under the appellation of rationals may be comprehended the human species, the angelic order, and even God himself. Thus we discern a great participation, a wondrous analogy, yet a real and proper distinction between the orders of beings: As a vegetable is to an animal, so an animal is to a rational, man to an angel. Man is a composition the most surprizing in the world; he partakes of the Deity, and of something inferior to animal;—is a mixed kind of being of the vegetative, animate, and rational;—nay, has the contrary seeds of weakness and strength, of right and wrong, of death and immortality, disseminated in his nature.

The capacities of reason and language were given to man even with his breath, though without the immediate use of either. The powers are certainly innate, but not the application and exercise, any more than are our ideas, which arise equally from education, experience, and study. It is education alone that raises man above the brute; for man, tho' he be born with a capacity and powers superior to any other being in the creation, and can soar in his thoughts and inquiries beyond this system, yet is he the weakest; and, till his native powers are awakened by external assistance, the least knowing and the most helpless. View a child at the birth, in the cradle, with leading-strings, up to manhood, and answer, "What hath he which he did not receive?" Did he speak? Surely it cannot be said, that language and its attendant reason ever came naturally to a child, as hunger and thirst, as whistling to birds, or bleating to lambs. The first voice uttered by every infant is crying; this is all that, from mere nature,

the wisdom of a Solomon has to boast. Children, were they excluded from human society, might perhaps catch a few inarticulate noises from other animals; but most certainly would have no language, no regular discourse, any more than those children mentioned by Herodotus.—The story is this. The Egyptians and Phrygians contending with each other about priority of existence, Psammetichus, king of Egypt, ordered a shepherd to bring up two children privately by the suckling of two goats, without the hearing of any human voice, imagining, that they would of themselves speak the language of that people, which was first in nature: But the only sound they could utter was *beb, beb*, which they had learnt of their kind nurses the goats.—A certain king of India (says Purchas) caused thirty children to be brought up without any communication with the human species, purposing to be of that religion whereunto they should addict themselves; but, as it is well remarked by the historian, neither could they ever speak, nor would he ever addict himself to any religion.—It was a maxim with Lycurgus the Grecian lawgiver, that, as children belonged to the public, so their education ought to be taken care of by the state, which even led him so far, as not to trust the education of children to their parents, lest, through a blind indulgence, and mistaken fondness, they should neglect their education, and at once enervate both their bodies and minds. — Ludolphus, in his history of Ethiopia, makes mention of a barbarous people, who, for want of proper instruction, run wild in the sandy deserts, and, instead of language, have only an inarticulate noise.

SUCCESSSES OF PETER THE GREAT, AND HIS
TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO PETERSBURGH.

EVERY one was at liberty to enrich himself with the ruins of Charles's fortune. Frederick William, the new King of Prussia, who seemed to be as
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fond of war as his father had been of peace, was the first who put in for his share of the spoils. He seized Stetin and part of Pomerania, as an equivalent for four thousand crowns which he had advanced to the Czar and the King of Denmark. George Elector of Hanover, now become King of England, had likewise sequestered into his hands the duchy of Bremen and Verden, which the King of Denmark had assigned to him as a deposit for sixty thousand pistoles. In this manner were divided the spoils of Charles XII. and whoever possessed any of his dominions as pledges, became, from their selfish and interested views, as dangerous enemies as those who had taken them from him.

With regard to the Czar, he was doubtless the most formidable of all his enemies. His former losses, his victories, his very faults, his unremitted perseverance in acquiring knowledge, and in communicating that knowledge to his subjects, and his incessant labours, had justly entitled him to the character of a great man. Riga was already taken; Livonia, Ingria, Carelia, half of Finland, and all the provinces that had been conquered by Charles's ancestors, were now subjected to the Russian yoke.

Peter Alexiowitz, who, twenty years before, had not a single vessel in the Baltic, now saw himself master of those seas, with a fleet of thirty ships of the line.

One of these ships had been built by his own hands. He was the best carpenter, the best admiral, and the best pilot of the North. There was not a difficult passage from the Gulph of Bothnia to the ocean which he had not sounded. And having thus joined the labours of a common sailor to the curious experiments of a philosopher, and the grand designs of an emperor, he arrived, by degrees, and a course of victories, to the rank of admiral, in the same manner as he had become a general in the land-service.

While

While Prince Gallitzen, a general formed under his auspices, and one of those who seconded his enterprises with the greatest vigour, completed the reduction of Finland, took the town of Vasa, and beat the Swedes, the Emperour put to sea, in order to attempt the conquest of Aland, an island in the Baltic, about twelve leagues from Stockholm.

He set out on this expedition in the beginning of July 1714, while his rival Charles XII. was keeping his bed at Demotica. He embarked at Cronslot, a harbour which he had built a few years before, about four miles from Petersburgh. The new harbour, the fleet, the officers, the sailors, were all the work of his own hands; and where-ever he turned his eyes, he could behold nothing but what he himself had, in some measure, created.

On the 15th of July, the Russian fleet, consisting of thirty ships of the line, eighty gallies, and a hundred half-gallies, reached the coast of Aland. On board of these ships were twenty thousand soldiers: Admiral Apraxin was commander in chief; and the Russian Emperour served as rear admiral. On the 16th, the Swedish fleet, commanded by vice-admiral Erinchild, came up with the enemy; and, though weaker than they, by two thirds, maintained a night for the space of three hours. The Czar attacked the admiral's ship, and took her after a sharp engagement.

The same day he landed sixteen thousand men on the isle of Aland; and having taken a number of Swedish soldiers, that had not been able to get on board of Erinchild's fleet, he carried them off in his own ships. He returned to his harbour of Cronslot with Erinchild's large ship, three others of a less size, one frigate, and six gallies, all which he had taken in the engagement.

From Cronslot he set sail for Petersburgh, followed by his own victorious fleet, and the ships he had taken from the enemy. On his arrival at Peter-

burgh, he was saluted by a triple discharge of a hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. He then made a triumphant entry, which flattered his vanity still more than that at Moscow, as he received these honours in his favourite city, a place where but ten years before there was not a single hut, and where now there were thirty four thousand five hundred houses; in a word, he saw himself at the head not only of a victorious navy, but what is more, of the first Russian fleet that had ever appeared in the Baltic, and amidst the acclamations of a people, to whom, before his time, the very name of a fleet was not so much as known.

The entry into Peterburgh was accompanied with much the same ceremonies as that into Moscow. The Swedish vice-admiral was the chief ornament of this new triumph. Peter Alexiowitz appeared in the procession as rear-admiral. A Russian nobleman, called Romanodowky, who commonly represented the Czar on these solemn occasions, was seated on a throne surrounded with senators. To this nobleman the rear-admiral presented an account of his victory; and, in reward of his services, was declared vice-admiral. An odd ceremony, but extremely necessary, in a country where military subordination was one of the novelties which the Czar wanted to introduce.

The Emperour of Russia, now victorious over the Swedes by sea and land, and having assisted in expelling them from Poland, began to domineer there in his turn. He acted as mediator between Augustus and the republic; a glory, perhaps not inferior to that of creating a king. This honour, and, indeed, all the good fortune of Charles, had fallen to the share of the Czar; who, it must be owned, made a better use of these advantages; for all his successes were so managed, as to contribute to the interest of his country. If he took a town, the best artisans in it carried their families and their industry to Peterburgh.

burgh. The manufactures, the arts and sciences of the provinces which he conquered from Sweden, were transported into Muscovy. Thus were his dominions enriched by his victories; a circumstance that makes him the most excuseable of all conquerors.

Sweden, on the contrary, despoiled of almost all her foreign provinces, had neither commerce, money, nor credit. Her veteran troops, which were formerly so formidable, had either fallen in battle, or perished with hunger. Upwards of a hundred thousand Swedes were slaves in the vast dominions of the Czar; and near the same number had been sold to the Turks and Tartars. The human species seemed visibly to decline in the country; but the King's arrival at Stralsund inspired them with fresh hopes.

The respect and admiration which they had formerly entertained for his sacred person, were still so strongly rivetted in the minds of his subjects, that the youth came from the country in crowds, and voluntarily offered to enlist, though there was not a sufficient number of hands left to cultivate the ground.

HORROURS OF WAR.

NOW had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms in haste,
Troy rouz'd as soon; for on that dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusty plain;
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground:
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,
To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,
Host against host their shadowy legions drew;
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries;
Triumphant shouts, and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Long as the morning beams increasing bright,
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light,
 Promiscuous death the fate of war confounds,
 Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
 But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends,
 The fire of gods his golden scales suspends
 With equal hand. In these explores the fate
 Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.
 Press'd with its load the Grecian balance lies
 Low sunk on earth; the Trojan strikes the skies.
 Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads;
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;
 Thick lightnings flash; the muttering thunder rolls,
 Their strength he withers, and numans their souls.
 Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire,
 The god in terrours, and the skies on fire.

HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas inclose you on the right and left;—not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone, behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal Gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the matters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone.

gone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense of your compleated service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and founding. It has often happened that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general, shall I the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves, shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? A captain before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul? I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the
times

times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was, before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men, strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.—First they demanded me; that I, your general should be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us, with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! Pass not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines; Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia; you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass; did I say?—This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on then. Be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge

refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors.

ENEAS'S ACCOUNT OF THE SACK OF TROY.

ALL were attentive to the godlike man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began;
Great Queen! What you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate;
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent;
A populous city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was;
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear;
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.

* * * * *

'Twas now the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears;
Shrowded in blood he stood, and bath'd in tears,
Such as when by the fierce Pelides slain,
Theſſalian couriers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Through the pierc'd limbs: his bloody back with dust,
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant in Eacian spoils,
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
Hurling amidst their fleets the Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard were clotted stiff with gore,
The ghastly wounds, he for his country bore,
Now stream'd afresh.
I wept to see the visionary man,
And, whilst my trance continu'd, thus began.
O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! From whence
Art thou so late return'd to our defence?
Alas! what wounds are these? What new disgrace
Desorins the manly honours of thy face?
The spectre, groaning from his inmost breast,
This warning, in these mournful words express'd;
Haste goddess-born! Escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd our wall;
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.

Enough

Enough is paid to Pryam's royal name,
 Enough to country, and to deathless fame.
 If by a mortal arm my father's throne
 Could have been sav'd—this arm the feat had done.
 Troy now commends to thee her future state,
 And gives her gods companions of thy fate.
 Under their umbrage hope for happier walls,
 And follow where thy various fortune calls.

He said, and brought, from forth the sacred choir,
 The gods, and relicks of th' immortal fire.
 Now peals of shouts came thund'ring from afar,
 Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war.
 The noise approaches, though our palace stood
 Aloof from streets, embosom'd close with wood;
 Louder and louder still I hear th' alarms
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
 Fear broke my slumbers.

I mount the terrass; thence the town survey,
 And listen what the swelling sounds convey.
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd;
 And Grecian fraud in open light appear'd.
 The palace of Deiphobus ascends
 In smoaky flames, and catches on his friends.
 Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
 With splendours not their own, and shine with sparkling light.
 New clamours, and new clangours now arise,
 The trumpeter's voice, with agonizing cries.
 With frenzy seiz'd I ran to meet th' alarms,
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.
 But first to gather friends, with whom t'oppose
 If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes,
 By courage rous'd, by love of country fir'd,
 With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd.

Pantheus, Appollo's priest, a sacred name,
 Had 'icap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame.
 With relicks loaded, to my doors he fled,
 And by the hand his tender grandson led.

What hope, O Pantheus? Whither can we run?
 Where make a stand? Or what may yet be done?

Scarce had I spoke, when Pantheus, with a groan,
 Troy—is no more! Her glories now are gone.
 The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,
 When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
 Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands:
 Our city's wrapt in flames: the foe commands.
 To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;
 Some block the narrow streets; some scour the wide.
 The bold they kill; th' unwary they surprise;
 Who fights meets death, and death finds him who flies.

**GALGACUS THE GENERAL OF THE
CALEDONII TO HIS ARMY, TO INCITE
THEM TO ACTION AGAINST THE ROMANS.**

COUNTRYMEN, and FELLOW-SOLDIERS!

WHEN I consider the cause, for which we have drawn our swords, and the necessity of striking an effectual blow, before we sheath them again, I feel joyful hopes arising in my mind, that this day an opening will be made for the restoration of British liberty, and for shaking off the infamous yoke of Roman slavery. Caledonia is yet free. The all-grasping power of Rome has not yet been able to seize our liberty. But it is only to be preserved by valor. You are not to expect, that you should escape the ravage of the general plunderers of mankind, by any sentiment of moderation in them. When the countries, which are more accessible, come to be subdued, they will then force their way into those, which are harder to be overcome. And if they should conquer the dry land, over the whole world, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the ocean, to see whether there be not certain unknown regions, which they may attack, and reduce under subjection to the Roman empire. For we see, that if a country is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it, because the conquest will be glorious; if inconsiderable in the military art, because the victory will be easy; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poor, by the desire of fame. The east and the west, the south and the north, the face of the whole earth, is the scene of their military achievements; the world is too little for their ambition, and their avarice. They are the only nation ever known to be equally desirous of conquering a poor kingdom as a rich one. Their supreme joy seems to be ravaging, fighting,
and

and shedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a region, so that there are none left alive to bear arms, they say, they have given peace to that country.

Nature itself has peculiarly endeared, to all men, their wives, and their children. But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered youth are daily draughted off to supply the deficiencies in the Roman army. The wives, the sisters, and the daughters of the conquered, are either exposed to the violence, or at least corrupted by the arts, of these cruel spoilers. The fruits of our industry are plundered, to make up the tributes imposed on us by oppressive avarice. Britons sow their fields; and the greedy Romans reap them. Our very bodies are worn out in carrying on their military works; and our toils are rewarded by them with abuse and stripes. Those, who are born to slavery, are bought and maintained by their master. But this unhappy country pays for being enslaved, and feeds those who enslave it. And our portion of disgrace is the bitterst, as the inhabitants of this island are the last who have fallen under the galling yoke. Our native bent against tyranny, is the offence which most sensibly irritates those lordly usurpers. Our distance from the seat of government, and our natural defence by the surrounding ocean, renders us obnoxious to their suspicions: for they know, that Britons are born with an instinctive love of liberty; and they conclude, that we must be naturally led to think of taking the advantage of our detached situation, to disengage ourselves, one time or other, from their oppression.

Thus, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, suspected and hated, as we ever must be by the Romans, there is no prospect of our enjoying even a tolerable state of bondage under them. Let us then, in the name of all that is sacred, and in defence of all that is dear to us, resolve to exert ourselves, if not

not for glory, at least for safety; if not in vindication of British honour, at least in defence of our lives. How near were the Brigantines to shaking off the yoke—led on too by a woman! They burnt a Roman settlement: they attacked the dreaded Roman legions in their camp. Had not their partial success drawn them into a fatal security, the business had been completed. And shall not we, of the Caledonian region, whose territories are yet free, and whose strength is entire, shall we not, my fellow-soldiers, attempt somewhat, which may shew these foreign ravagers, that they have more to do, than they think of, before they be masters of the whole island?

But, after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods; or mortal men, like ourselves? Do we not see, that they fall into the same errors, and weaknesses, as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not wantonness enervate them? Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? And can you imagine, that they, who are remarkable for their vices, are likewise remarkable for their valour? What, then, do we dread?—Shall I tell you the truth, my fellow-soldiers? It is by means of our intestine divisions, that the Romans have gained such great advantage over us. They turn the misconduct of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, and say nothing of what they might have done, had we been so wise as to unite against them.

What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not composed of a mixture of people from different countries; some more, some less, disposed to military achievements; some more, some less, capable of bearing fatigue and hardship. They keep together, while they are successful. Attack them with vigour: distress them: you will see them more disunited among themselves, than we are now. Can any one

U

imagine,

imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and,—with shame I must add, Britons, who basely lend, for a time, their limbs, and their lives, to build up a foreign tyranny; can one imagine, that these will be longer enemies than slaves? or that such an army is holden together by sentiments of fidelity, or affection? No: the oily bond of union among them is fear. And, whenever terrour ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude, they, who now fear, will then hate, their tyrannical masters. On our side there is every possible incitement to valour. The Roman courage, is not, as ours inflamed by the thought of wives and children in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The Romans have no parents, as we have, to reproach them, if they should desert their infirm old age. They have no country here to fight for. They are a motley collection of foreigners, in a land wholly unknown to them, cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the surrounding ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our hands, without all possibility of escape. Let not the sound of the Roman name affright your ears. Nor let the glare of gold or silver, upon their armour, dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold, or silver, that men are either wounded, or defended; though they are rendered a richer prey to the conquerors. Let us boldly attack this disunited rabble. We shall find among themselves a reinforcement to our army. The degenerate Britons, who are incorporated into their forces, will, through shame of their country's cause deserted by them, quickly leave the Romans, and come over to us. The Gauls, remembering their former liberty, and that it was the Romans who deprived them of it, will forsake their tyrants, and join the assertors of freedom. The Germans who remain in their army, will follow the example of their countrymen, the Usipii, who so lately deserted. And what will there be then to fear? A few half-garrisoned forts; there

a few municipal towns inhabited by worn-out old men; discord universally prevailing, occasioned by tyranny in those who command, and obstinacy in those who should obey. On our side, an army united in the cause of their country, their wives, their children, their aged parents, their liberties, their lives. At the head of this army, I hope I do not offend against modesty in saying, there is a General ready to exert all his abilities, such as they are, and to hazard his life in leading you to victory, and to freedom.

I conclude, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your behaviour this day depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your subjection to a tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous consequences. When, therefore, you come to engage—think of your ancestors—and think of your posterity.

SCENE BETWEEN HECTOR AND HIS WIFE ANDROMACHE.

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he took his former way,
Through streets of palaces and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scean gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair
His blameless wife, Aetion's wealthy heir.
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His only hope hung smiling at her breast;
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind.
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look;
Hung on his hand, and then, dejected spoke.
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

"Too daring prince! Ah whither dost thou run?"

"Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!"

"And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,

"A widow I, a helpless orphan he!

"For sure such courage length of life denies,

"And thou must sell thy virtue's sacrifice.

"Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
 "Now hosts oppose thee; and thou must be slain.
 "O grant me, gods! e'er Hector meets his doom,
 "All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!
 "So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
 "And end with sorrows, as they first begun.
 "No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
 "No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
 "The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
 "Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike fire.
 "His fate compassion in the victor bred;
 "Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead;
 "His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
 "And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile.
 "By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell,
 "In one sad day they view'd the gate of hell.
 "While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 "Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled.
 "My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
 "The Queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands.
 "Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
 "Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,
 "When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 "She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
 "Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
 "My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
 "Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
 "Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
 "Thy wife, thy infant, in the danger share;
 "O prove a husband's, and a parent's care.
 "That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
 "Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy.
 "Thou from this tow'r defend th' important post;
 "There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
 "That pass Thydides, Ajax, strives to gain,
 "And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
 "Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
 "Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
 "Let others in the field their arms employ;
 "But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy."
 "The chief reply'd, "That post shall be my care;
 "Nor that alone; but all the works of war.
 "How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 "And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
 "Attain the lustre of my former name,
 "Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
 "My early youth was bred to warlike pains;
 "My soul impels me to the martial plains.
 "Still foremost let me stand to guard the throne,
 "To save my father's honours, and my own."

"Yet

" Yet come it will! the day decreed by fates!
 " (How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates!)
 " The day, when thou, imperial Troy! must bend;
 " Must see thy warriors fall; thy glories end.
 " And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 " My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 " Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 " Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 " As thine, Andromache!--Thy griefs I dread
 " I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
 " In Argive looms our battles to design,
 " And woes, of which so large a part was thine.
 " There while you groan beneath the load of life,
 " They cry,"-- " Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
 " Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 " Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
 " The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 " A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
 " May I lie cold, before that dreadful day,
 " Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
 " Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
 " Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious Chief of Troy,
 Stretch'd his fond arms, to clasp the lovely boy.
 The babe clung, crying, to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd with the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child;
 The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods prefer'd a parent's pray'r.

" O Thou, whose glory fills th' ætherial throne,
 " And all ye deathless pow'rs!--Protect my son!
 " Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 " To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 " Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 " And rise the Hector of the future age!
 " So, when triumphant from successful toils,
 " Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
 " Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 " And say"--This Chief Transcends his father's fame."
 " While pleas'd, amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 " His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubled pleasure soon chas'd with fear,
 He mingled with the smile a falling tear.

C. MARIUS TO THE ROMANS, ON THEIR
 HESITATING TO APPOINT HIM GENERAL
 IN THE EXPEDITION AGAINST JUGUR-
 THA, MERELY ON ACCOUNT OF HIS EXTRAC-
 TION.

IT is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those, who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before, and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me, for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war; and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult, than is generally thought. And, besides the disadvantages, which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of patrician rank, if he be guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment: my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take

take care, that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the patricians want nothing so much, as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated. I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils, and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body, a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience. What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that, the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those, who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness, and Plebeian experience.

The

The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself atchieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me: want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such Patricians at Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer; but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country; by which I have acquired them. But these worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow; whilst they aspire to honours, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They arrogate the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish, than they are, in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers: Whereas they do the very contrary. For, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity: but it only serves to shew what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy, and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers: but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians by standing up in defence

of what I have myself done. Observe, now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors.—What then! Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by his own good behaviour? What if I can shew no statues of my family; I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can shew the scars of those wounds, which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of; not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour, amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to shew their faces.

JUPITER'S PROHIBITION TO THE GODS AND GODDESSES.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
 Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
 When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
 Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.
 The sire of gods his awful silence broke;
 The heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke;
 "Celestial states! immortal gods! give ear;
 Hear our decree; and rev'rence what ye hear;
 The fix'd decree, which not all heav'n can move;
 Thou, Fate fulfil it; and ye Pow'rs, approve.
 What God shall enter yon forbidden field,
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n;
 Or from our sacred hill with fury thrown
 Deep, in the dark Tartarean gulph shall groan;

With

With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floor;
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
 As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
 As from that centre to th' ætherial world.
 Let each, submissive, dread those dire abodes,
 Nor tempt the vengeance of the God of gods.
 League all your forces, then, ye pow'rs above;
 Your strength unite against the might of Jove.
 Let down our golden everlasting chain,
 Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main.
 Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
 To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth.
 Ye strive in vain. If I but stretch this hand,
 I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.
 I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight.
 For such I reign unbounded, and above;
 And such are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE;—The world shut out;—Thy thoughts
 call home;—
 Imagination's airy wing repress;—
 Lock up thy senses;—Let no passion stir;—
 Wake all to Reason;—Let her reign alone;—
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
 As I have done.——

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
 But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
 Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been: Eternal there must be.—
 But what eternal?—Why not human race?
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
 That's hard to be conceiv'd; since ev'ry link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail:
 Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
 Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
 I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?

Grant

Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
 Would want some other Father;—Much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
 Design implies intelligence, and art:
 That can't be from themselves—or man: that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
 And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
 Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form an universe of dust:
 Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
 And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?
 Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
 In Mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
 If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
 And that with greater far, than human skill,
 Resides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns.—
 And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!

VIRTUE OUR HIGHEST INTEREST.

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as tho' I had ordered all myself?—No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible.—The world appears not then originally made for the private convenience of me

me alone?—It does not. — But is it not possible to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? — If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth; if this be beyond me, 'tis not possible—What consequence then follows? Or can there be any other than this—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others; I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence?

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. 'Tis a smoaky house, and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached?—Is a social interest joined with others such an absurdity, as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me, that the thing is, somewhere at least, possible. How then am I assured, that 'tis not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what follows?—If so, then Honour and Justice are my interest—then the whole train of Moral Virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest, as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own flock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce; by the general intercourse of arts and letters; by that common nature, of which we all participate?—Again—I must have food and clothing.—Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish.—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? To the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? To that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on:—Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment;

a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.

What then have I to do, but to enlarge Virtue into Piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governour, our common Parent.

But if all these moral and divine habits be my interest, I need not surely seek for a better. I have an interest compatible with the spot on which I live.—I have an interest which may exist, without altering the plan of Providence; without mending or marring the general order of events.—I can bear whatever happens with manlike magnanimity; can be contented, and fully happy in the good which I possess; and can pass through this turbid, this fickle, fleeting period, without bewailings, or envyings, or murmurings, or complaints.

THE GRAVE. A POEM.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,

Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their arms as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the Tomb;
The appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.—Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.—The GRAVE, dread
thing!

Men shiver, when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but Silence reigns, and Night, dark
Night,

Dark as was *Chaos*, ere the infant Sun

Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
 Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper,
 By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
 (Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and rosy slime,)
 Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
 And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
 Well do I know thee by the trusty Yew,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant; that loves to dwell
 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
 Embod'y'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
 No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

See yonder hallow'd Fane;—the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
 And bury'd 'midst the wreck of things which were:
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy isles
 Black-plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
 Scutcheons
 And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults
 The mansions of the dead.—Rous'd from their
 slumbers,

In grim Array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grim horrible, and obstinately sullen
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of Night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
 I'll hear no more, it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
 (Coæval near with that) all ragged shew
 Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks: others so thin a top,
 That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
 here:

Wild

Wild shrieks have issu'd from the hollow tombs;
 Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
 And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
 (Such tales their cheer, at Wake or Gossiping,
 When it draws near to witching of night.)

Oft, in the lone church-yard at night I've seen
 By glimpse of moon-shine, chequering thro' the trees,
 The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,) X
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears
 The sound of something purring at his heels:
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid *Apparition*, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made *Widow* too, I've sometimes spy'd,
 Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
 Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
 Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She drops; whilst busy meddling Memory,
 In barbarous succession, musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave—how dost thou rend in sunder
 Whom love has knit, and Sympathy made one;
 A tie more stubborn far than Nature's band,
 Friendship's mysterious cement of the soul;
 Sweetner of life, and folder of society;

I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
 Anxious to please—Oh! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye; and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the under-wood,
 Sweet-murmuring: methought the shrill-tongu'd
 Thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty Black-bird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
 The Eglantine smell'd sweeter and the Rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst every flower
 Vy'd with its fellow-plant in luxury
 Of dress.—Oh! then, the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
 Had not imparted half: 'Twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull *Grave*—thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
 blood,
 Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of Mirth,
 And every smirking feature from the face;
 Branding our *laughter* with the name of *madness*.
 Where are the *jesters* now? the men of health
 Complectionally pleasant? Where the *Droll*
 Whose every look and gesture was a joke
 To clapping theatres and shouting crouds,
 And made even thick-lip'd musing Melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware? Ah! fullen now,
 And dumb, as the green turf that covers them.

Beauty—thou pretty play-thing, dear deceit,
 That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
 And gives it a new pulse, unknown before,
 The *Grave* discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,

Thy

Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
 What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
 Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
 Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,
 Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek
 The high-fed *Worm*, in lazy volumes roll'd,
 Riots unscar'd.—For this, was all thy caution?
 For this, thy painful labours at thy glass?
 T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
 For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder,
 Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
 And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weeps!—the conscious tears
 Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
 Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
 Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too—thou surly, and less gentle-boast
 Of those that laugh loud at the village-ring:
 A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
 With greater ease, than e'er thou didst the stripling,
 That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight:
 What groan was that I heard?—Deep groan indeed!
 With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it:
 From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
 By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath,
 Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
 Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
 To give the lungs full play.—What now avail
 The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well spread
 shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
 Mad with pain!—Eager he catches hold
 Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
 Just like a creature drowning; hideous sight!
 Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
 Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
 Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
 And drinks his marrow up.—Heard you that groan?
 It was his last.—See how the great *Goliath*,

Just like a child, that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still.——What mean'st thou then, O mighty
Boaster,

To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the Bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man?
That knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

Here the *Tongue-Warrior* lies, disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers by.
Great man of language;—whence this mighty change?
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Tho' strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue:
Alas! how chop-fall'n now? Thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast:
Unceasing—Ah! where is the lifted arm,
'The strength of action, and the force of words,
'The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of Phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,
Raz'd from the book of fame: or more provoking,
Perchance some hackney huger-bitten Scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red Repentment the wan Cheek.

Here, the lank-sided *Miser*, wort of felons,
Who meanly stole, (discreditable shift,)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax, it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase; now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous Appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious Bills of charges and repairs.
Burah! where are his rents, his comings-in?

Ay! now, you've made the rich man poor indeed.

Robb'd

Robb'd of his Gods, what has he left behind?
 O! *curled lust of Gold*; when for thy sake;
 The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds:
 First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come!

How shocking must thy summons be, *O Death!*
 To him that is at ease in his possessions;
 Who counting on long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come?
 In that dread moment, how the frantic Soul
 Raves round the walls of her clay Tenement,
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
 But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
 A little longer, yet a little longer.
 Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,
 And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
 Her very eyes weep blood;—and every Groan
 She heaves is big with horror.—But the Foe,
 Like a stanch murderer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close thro' ev'ry lane of life,
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
 Till forc'd at last to the tremendous Verge,
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die!—My soul,
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
 That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
 To tell what's doing on the other side.
 Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight;
 And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
 For part they must: *Body* and *Soul* must part;
 Fond couple; link'd more close than wedded pair.
 This, wings its way to its almighty Source,
 The Witness of its actions, now its Judge;
 That, drops into the dark and noisome Grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If *Death* was nothing, and nought after death;
 If when men dy'd, at once they ceas'd to be,
 Returning to the barren womb of Nothing,
 Whence

Whence first they sprung; then might the Debauchee
Untrembling mouth the Heavens:—Then might the
Wretch

That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being, when he pleas'd,
And by that way; whether by hemp, or steel.
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes?—Sure he does well,
That helps himself, as timely as he can,
When able.—But if there is an *Hereafter*,
And that there is, Conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man;
Then must it be an awful thing *to die*:
More horrid yet, to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder!—name it not: our island's shame:
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states,
Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it Heaven!—Let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord.—Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge;
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath.—Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such; these herd together;
The common Damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not:—this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission:
Like centries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the Brave, who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away,
Is but a coward's trick: to run away

From

From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark ;—'tis mad :
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye Dead ; will none of you, in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret ?
Oh ! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed, have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death :—'Twas kindly done
To knock, and give the alarm.—But what means
This stinted charity ?—'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves.—Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis *to die* ?—Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice ?—I'll ask no more :
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves. — Well,—'tis no matter ;
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

*Derth's shafts fly thick :—Here falls the village-
swain,*

And there his pamper'd Lord.—The cup goes round ;
And who so artful as to put it by ?
'Tis long since Death had the majority ;
Yet strange ! *the living lay it not to heart !*
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary headed chronicle,
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear ; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaint-
tance,

By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with *Death* twice twenty years ;
And yet, ne'er Youngster on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a droller tale :—When drunkard's meet,

None

None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds
 not,
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

SUBJECT OF MORTALITY BROUGHT HOME
 TO OUR CASE.

* * * * *

HERE I called in my roving meditations from
 their long excursion on this tender subject.
 Fancy listened a while to the soliloquy of a lover;
 now judgment resumes the reins, and guides my
 thoughts to more near and self-interesting inquiries.
 —However, upon a review of the whole scene,
 crowded with *spectacles of mortality and trophies of*
death, I could not forbear smiting my breast, and
~~stretching a sigh~~, and lamenting over the nobility of
 all visible beings, lying in ruins under the feet of
 “the pale horse, and his rider.”—I could not for-
 bear that pathetic exclamation; “*O! thou Adam,*
what hast thou done!” What desolation has thy
 disobedience wrought on the earth! See the malign-
 ity, the ruinous malignity of *sin*! Sin has demolish-
 ed so many stately structures of flesh; sin has made
 such havock among the most excellent ranks of God’s
 lower creation; and sin (that deadly bane of our na-
 ture) would have plunged our better part into the
 execrable horrors of the nethermost hell, had not
 our merciful Mediator interposed, and given him-
 self for our ransom.—Therefore, what grateful ac-
 knowledgments does the whole world of *penitent*
 sinners owe; what ardent returns of love will a
 whole heaven of *glorified* believers pay to such a
 friend, benefactor, and deliverer!

Musing upon these melancholy objects, a faithful
 remembrancer suggests from within,—“Must this
 sad change succeed in me also? Am I to draw my
 last

last gasp, to become a breathless corpse, and be what I deplore ! Is there a time approaching, when this body shall be carried out upon the bier, and consigned to its clay-cold bed ? while some kind acquaintance, perhaps, may drop one parting tear ; and cry, Alas ! my brother !—Is the time approaching ?”—Nothing is more certain. A decree, much surer than the law of the Medes and Persians, has irrevocably determined the doom.

Should one of these ghastly figures burst from his confinement, and start up, in frightful deformity, before me ;—should the *haggard skeleton* lift a clattering hand, and point it full in my view ;—should it open the stiffened jaws, and, with a hoarse tremendous murmur, break this profound silence ;—should it accost me, as Samuel's apparition addressed the trembling king—“ *The LORD shall deliver thee also into the hands of death ; yet a little while, and thou shalt be with me ;* ”—the solemn warning, delivered in so striking a manner, must strongly impress my imagination : a message in thunder would scarce sink deeper.—Yet there is abundantly greater reason to be alarmed by that express declaration of the LORD GOD Almighty, “ *Thou shalt surely die.* ”—Well then, since sentence is passed, since I am a condemned man, and know not when the dead warrant may arrive ; let me die to *sin*, and die to the *world*, before I die beneath the stroke of a righteous GOD. Let me employ the little uncertain interval of respite from execution, in preparing for a happier state, and a better life ; that, when the fatal moment comes, and I am commanded to shut my eyes upon all things here below, I may open them again, to see my Saviour in the mansions above.

Since this body, which is so fearfully and wonderfully made, must fall to pieces in the grave ; since I must soon resign all my bodily powers to darkness, inactivity, and corruption ; let it be my constant care to use them well, while I possess them !—Let
my

my hands be stretched forth to relieve the needy; and always be "more ready to give than to receive."—Let my *knees* bend, in deepest humiliation, before the throne of grace; while my *eyes* are cast down to the earth, in penitential confusion, or devoutly looking up to heaven for pardoning mercy!—In every friendly interview, let the "law of kindness dwell on my *lips*"; or rather, if the seriousness of my acquaintance permit, let the gospel of peace flow from my tongue. O! that I might be enabled, in every public concourse, to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and pour abroad a more joyful sound, than its most melodious accents, in proclaiming the glad tidings of free salvation!—Be shut, my *ears*, resolutely shut, against the malevolent whispers of slander, and the contagious breath of filthy talking; but be swift to hear the instructions of wisdom, be all attention, when your REDEEMER speaks; imbibe the precious truths, and convey them carefully to the heart.—Carry me, my *feet*, to the temple of the LORD; to the beds of the sick, and houses of the poor.—May all my members, devoted entirely to my divine Master, be the willing instruments of promoting his glory!

Then, ye embalmers, you may spare your pains: those works of faith, and labours of love; those, shall be my *spices* and *perfumes*. Enwrapped in these, I would lay me gently down, and sleep sweetly in the blessed JESUS; hoping that GOD will "give commandment concerning my bones;" and one day fetch them up from the dust, as silver from the furnace, purified, "I say not, seven times, but seventy times seven."

C R O M A. A P O E M.

"**I**T was the voice of my love! seldom art thou,
in the dreams of Malvina! Open your airy
halls, fathers of Toscar of shields! Unfold the
gates

gates of your clouds : the steps of Malvina are near.
I have heard a voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of my soul. Why didst thou come, O blast, from the dark-rolling face of the lake? Thy rustling wing was in the tree; the dream of Malvina fled. But she beheld her love, when his robe of mist flew on the wind. A sun-beam was on his skirts; they glittered like the gold of the stranger. It was the voice of my love, seldom comes he to my dreams!"

" But thou dwellest in the soul of Malvina, son of mighty Ossian! my sighs arise with the beams of the East; my tears descend with the drops of night. I was a lovely tree, in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me; but thy death came like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low. The Spring returned with its showers; no leaf of mine arose! The virgins saw me silent in the hall; they touched the harp of joy. The tear was on the cheek of Malvina: the virgins beheld me in my grief. Why art thou sad, they said; thou first of the maids of Lutha? Was he lovely as the beam of the morning, and stately in thy sight?"

Pleasant is thy song in Ossian's ear, daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard the music of departed bards, in the dream of thy rest, when sleep fell on thine eyes, at the murmur of Moruth*. When thou didst return from the chace, in the day of the Sun, thou hast heard the music of bards, and thy song is lovely! It is lovely, O Malvina, but it melts the soul. There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breast of the sad. But sorrow wastes the mournful, O daughter of Toscar, and their days are few! They fall away, like the flower on which the sun hath looked in his strength after the mildew has passed over it, when its head is heavy with the drops of night. Attend to the tale of

* MOR'RUTH, great stream.

Ossian, O maid. He remembers the days of his youth!

The King commanded; I raised my sails, and rushed into the bay of Croma; into Croma's sounding bay in lovely Inisfail *. High on the coast arose the towers of Crothar King of Spears; Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth; but age dwelt then around the Chief. Rothmar had raised the sword against the hero; and the wrath of Fingal burned. He sent Ossian to meet Rothmar in war, for the Chief of Croma was the friend of his youth. I sent the bard before me with songs. I came into the hall of Crothar. There sat the chief amidst the arms of his fathers, but his eyes had failed. His grey locks waved around a staff, on which the warrior leaned. He hummed the song of other times, when the sound of our arms reached his ears. Crothar rose, stretched his aged hand, and blessed the son of Fingal.

"OSSIAN!" said the hero, "the strength of Crothar's arms has failed. O could I lift the sword, as in the day that Fingal fought at Strutha! He was the first of men! but Crothar had also his fame. The King of Morven praised me; he placed on my arm the bossy shield of Calthar, whom the King had slain in his wars. Dost thou not behold it on the wall, for Crothar's eyes have failed? Is thy strength, like thy father's, Ossian? let the aged feel thine arm!"

I gave my arm to the King; he felt it with his aged hands. The sigh rose in his breast, and his tears came down. "Thou art strong, my son, (he said) but not like the King of Morven! But who is like the hero among the mighty in war! Let the feast of my hall be spread; and let my bards exalt the song. Great is he that is within my walls, ye sons of echoing Croma!" The feast is spread.

* One of the ancient names of Ireland.

The harp is heard; and joy is in the hall. But it was joy covering a sigh, that darkly dwelt in every breast. It was like the faint beam of the moon spread on a cloud in heaven. At length the music ceased, and the aged King of Croma spoke; he spoke without a tear, but sorrow swelled in the midst of his voice.

“Son of Fingal! behold’st thou not the darkness of Crothar’s joy? My soul was not sad at the feast, when my people lived before me. I rejoiced in the presence of strangers, when my son shone in the hall. But, Ossian, he is a beam that is departed. He left no streak of light behind. He is fallen, son of Fingal, in the wars of his father. Rothmar, the Chief of grassy Tromlo, heard that these eyes had failed; he heard that my arms were fixed in the hall, and the pride of his soul arose! He came towards Croma; my people fell before him. I took my arms in my wrath; but what could sightless Crothar do? My steps were unequal; my grief was great. I wished for the days that were past. Days! wherein I fought; and won in the field of blood. My son returned from the chase; the fair-haired Fovar-gormo*. He had not lifted his sword in battle, for his arm was young. But the soul of the youth was great; the fire of valour burnt in his eyes: He saw the disordered steps of his father, and his sigh arose. “King of Croma,” he said, “is it because thou hast no son; is it for the weakness of Fovar-gormo’s arm that thy sighs arise? I begin, my father, to feel my strength; I have drawn the sword of my youth; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the sons of Croma: let me meet him, O my father; I feel my burning soul.” And thou shalt meet him, I said, son of the sightless Crothar! But let others advance before thee, that I may hear the tread of thy feet at thy

* FAORHAR-GORM, the blue point of steel.

return; for my eyes behold thee not, fair-haired Fovar-gormo!

He went; he met the foe; he fell. Rothmar advances to Croma. He who slew my son is near, with all his pointed spears."

This is no time to fill the shell, I replied, and took my spear! My people saw the fire of my eyes; they all rose around. Through night we strode along the heath. Grey morning rose in the East. A green narrow vale appeared before us; nor wanting was it in green winding streams. The dark host of Rothmar are on its banks, with all their glittering arms. We fought along the vale. They fled—Rothmar sunk beneath my sword! Day had not descended in the West, when I brought his arms to Crothar. The aged hero felt them with his hands, and joy brightened over all his thoughts.

The people gather to the hall. The shells of the feast are heard. Ten harps are strung; five bards advance, and sing, by turns, the praise of Ossian; they poured forth their burning souls, and the string answered to their voice. The joy of Croma was great: for peace returned to the land. The night came on with silence; the morning returned with joy. No foe came in darkness, with his glittering spear. The joy of Croma was great; for the gloomy Rothmar had fallen!

I raised my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they laid the Chief in earth. The aged Crothar was there, but his sigh was not heard. He searched for the wound of his son, and found it in his breast. Joy rose in the face of the aged. He came and spoke to Ossian. "King of spears!" he said, "my son has not fallen without his fame. The young warrior did not fly; but met death, as he went forward in his strength. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hall; nor smile at their trembling hands. Their memory shall be honoured in song;

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the young tear of the virgin will fall. But the aged wither away by degrees; the fame of their youth, while yet they live, is all forgotten. They fall in secret. The sigh of their son is not heard. Joy is around their tomb; the stone of their fame is placed without a tear. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is around them.

TEMPLE OF FAME.

A TROOP came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore.

"For thee," they cry'd, "amidst alarms and strife,
"We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
"For thee whole nations fill'd with fire and blood;
"And swam to empire through the purple flood.
"Those ills, we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
"What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."
"Ambitious fools!" (the queen reply'd, and frown'd)
"Be all your deeds in dark oblivion drown'd.
"Their sleep forgot with mighty tyrants gone;
"Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown."
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen,
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

"Great idol of mankind! We neither claim
"The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame;
"But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
"Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
"'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
"Those acts of goodness, which themselves require.
"O let us still the secret joy partake,
"To follow virtue, ev'n for virtue's sake."
"And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
"Who then with incense shall adore our name?
"But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
"To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
"Rise, Muses! Rise! Add all your tuneful breath!
"These must not sleep in darkness, and in death."

She said. In air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, tho' high; so loud, and yet so clear;
Ev'n list'ning angels learn from heav'n to hear.
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

While thus I stood intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear;
 "What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
 "Art thou, fond youth! a candidate for praise?"
 'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came;
 And who so fond, as youthful bards, of fame?
 But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in other's breath,
 Th' estate, which wits inherit—after death.
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
 (Unsure the tenure, and how vast the fine!)
 The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
 Though wretched, flatter'd, and though envy'd, poor.
 All luckless wits their enemies profess,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
 And if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still, where fortune leads the way;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame,
 Then teach me, Heav'n, to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
 O grant me honest fame; or grant me none.

O R A T O R Y.

ORATORY is the art of speaking gracefully upon any subject, with a view to instruct, persuade, and please. The scope of this art is to support truth and virtue, to maintain the rights and liberties of mankind, to alleviate the miseries and distresses of life, or to defend the innocent, and accuse the guilty.—The masters of rhetoric among the Greeks and Romans have considered an oration as consisting of three or four parts called the *exordium* or mere beginning; the *narration* and *confirmation*, extending from thence to the *peroration* or recapitulation and conclusion of what hath been said. Now, as these parts of an oration differ widely

in nature from each other, so they require a difference of style. A discourse may open variety of ways, bespeaking the favour and attention of the audience, as by an address to those who preside in chief;—with an apology;—with setting forth the design of the point in debate;—or with any other form, arising from the speaker's consideration of his own situation, or the person of his hearers.—But, from whatever occasion the exordium may take its rise, in general it should be short, plain and modest.—Swelling introductions to plain subjects are ridiculous, and to great actions unnecessary, because they sufficiently show and magnify themselves;—not but on some occasions it may be proper to begin with spirit and fire. Examples of this kind are found in Cicero.—The language too must be plain, simple and concise in the narration, which is the part for stating the subject, and setting forth its consideration under one or more propositions; the fewer and clearer the better:—Neither must the speaker rise much in the confirmation, where he is to prove the point under consideration by proper illustrations, apt, short, and plain examples; by expressive similitudes, cogent arguments, and just observations, backed and supported by authorities divine and human. Here the speaker must make his way to the judgment and conviction of his audience, by words and matter weighty and significant;—in sentences grave and unaffected;—in short, rather by strong good sense in familiar language, than by trifling observations in hard words and studied ornaments.—The subject being opened, explained, and confirmed in the three first parts; that is to say, the speaker, having gained the attention and judgment of his audience, must proceed in the peroration to compleat his conquest over the passions, such as imagination, admiration, surprise, hope, joy, love, fear, grief, anger.—To these some application may be made in the exordium; but now
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the court must be paid wholly to them ; in managing which is required no small skill and address. Now therefore, the speaker must begin to exert himself.— Here it is that a fine genius may display itself in the use of amplification, enumeration, interrogation, metaphor, and every ornament that can render a discourse entertaining, winning, striking, and enforcing.— Thus the orator may gain the ascendant over his audience;—can turn the current of their minds his own way, either like the rapid Severn with uplifted head, rushing on impetuous, or like the smooth gliding Thames, gently rising by almost imperceptible advances.

CONTEMPT OF THE COMMON OBJECTS OF PURSUIT.

HONOUR and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
 I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch act the monk,
 Or cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARD'S.
 Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies.
 "Where, but among the Heroes and the Wife!"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;

The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind !
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the Politic and Wife;
 All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great:
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
 An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As Justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs.
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels.

In Parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;
 To see all others faults, and feel our own:
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge:
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful Pre-eminence! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:

How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribbands, if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
 If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.

THE DEAD ASS.

AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wishfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could hear and see over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he

had

had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him also he would go in gratitude to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat nor drunk till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive—but now he is dead I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we love each other, as this poor soul but loved his ass—t'would be something.—

VARIOUS

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

TIS from high life high characters are drawn:

A faint in crape is twice a faint in lawn.

A judge is just; a chancellor—juster still;

A gownman learn'd; a bishop—what you will;

Wife, if a minister; but if a king,

More wise, more just, more learn'd, more ev'ry thing—

'Tis education forms the common mind;

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

Boastful and rough your first son is a 'squire;

The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;

Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;

Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.

Is he a churchman? Then he's fond of pow'r;

A Quaker? Sly. A Presbyterian? Sour.

A smart Free-thinker? All things in an hour.—

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,

Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion. There alone

The wild are constant, and the cunning known.

This clue once found unravels all the rest;

The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest;

Wharton! the scorn, and wonder, of our days,

Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.

Born with whate'er could win it from the wife,

Women, and fools, must like him, or he dies.

Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,

The club must hail him master of the joke.

Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?

He'll shine a Tully, and a Wilmot too.

Then turns repentant, and his God adores,

With the same spirit as he drinks and whores.

Enough, if all around him but admire,

And now he punk applaud, and now the friar.—

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate.

The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.

"Mercy, (cries Helluo) mercy on my soul!

"Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

"Odious! In woollen!—"I would a saint provoke.

(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)

"No—let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,

"Wrap these cold limbs, and shade this lifeless face.

"One need not, sure, be ugly, though one's dead;

"And—Betty—give this cheek—a little—red."

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd

An humble servant to all human kind,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir;

"If—where I'm going—I could—serve you, Sir."

"I give,

"I give, and I devise," (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
"Your money, Sir,"—My money, Sir!—What—all!
"Why—if I must"—(then wept)—"I give it Paul."
"The manour, Sir?"—"The manour—" Hold"—(he cry'd)
"I cannot—must not part with that"—and dy'd.
And you, brave Cobham! at your latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
Such in that moment, as in all the past,
"O save my country, Heav'n!"—shall be your last.

M A R I A.

F I R S T - P A R T.

—THEY were the sweetest notes I ever heard;
and I instantly let down the foreglass to
hear them more distinctly—"Tis Maria; said the
postillion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria,
continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let
me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is sitting
upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with
her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and
a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I
instantly made a vow, I would give him a four and
twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulines—

—And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us;
said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the
sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and
amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve,
than to have her banns forbidden, by the intrigues of
the curate of the parish who published them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a
short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began
the air again—they were the same notes;—yet were
ten times sweeter: It is the evening service to the
Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught
her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no

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one knows; we think that heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her—

—God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her, —but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wishfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately—

—Well, Maria, said I softly—What resemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable

erable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

SECOND PART.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulins, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulins—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a filken net. She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—“Thou shalt not leave me Sylvio,” said she. I looked in Maria’s eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as she uttered them the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within

me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was much unsettled at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beaten him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use,
would

would needs go wash it in the stream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said, to Moulines.—Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

WHEN Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius the Tyrant of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission in the interim to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate

family in order. This the Tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of his life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty. The King and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles.—Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak.—They therefore imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of head merely, and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart. When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias, in his dungeon.—Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madness, in presuming that Damon by his return would prove as great a fool as himself; “My Lord,” said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, “I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my Lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O, leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my

Damon

Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered; he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth, but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him; he hesitated; he would have spoken; but he looked down, and retired in silence. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and, beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned, and, with a pleased countenance, thus addressed the assembly. "My prayers are heard.—The gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow; and the blood, which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O! could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man, for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble;—that his truth is unimpeachable;—that he will speedily approve it;—that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I haste to prevent his speed.—Executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and *Stop, stop the execution*, was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse—

horse—on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. “You are safe,” he cried; “you are safe, my friend,—my beloved; the gods be praised you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer; and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.” Pale, cold, and speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents:—“Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.” Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truth, so incontestably approved by their facts. He descended from his throne; he ascended the scaffold: “Live, live, ye incomparable pair!” he exclaimed. “Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue, and *that* virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God, a God to reward it.—Live happy! live renowned! and O! form me by your *precepts*, as you have invited me by your *example*, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.

DOUGLAS TO LORD RANDOLPH.

MY name is NORVAL: on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flock; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to encrease his store,
 And keep his only son, myself at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;
 And heaven soon granted what my fire denied.
 This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,

Rush'd

Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled,
 For safety, and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road they took, then hastened to my friends:
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps;—
 Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,
 And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deeds that gilds my humble name.

BEAUTIFUL EPISODE OF LAVINIA.

* * * * *

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripen'd fields the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lustrous sheaves;
 While through their chearful band, the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And

And, conscious, glancing oft on ev'ry side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth;
 The lib'ral handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the God of harvest is to you;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they like the dewy star
 Of evening shone in tears. A native grace

Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress : for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich,
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eyes;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze;
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown:
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.
 What pity! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace

Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 Of old ACASIO's line ; and to my mind
 Recals that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !

When, strict enquiring from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bonniful ACASIO : who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran ?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at the sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMÓN, passionate and just,
 Poured out the pious rapture of his soul.

And art thou then Acasio's dear remains ?
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 So long in vain ! Oh heavens ! the very same,
 The softened image of my noble friend.
 Alive his every look, his every feature,
 More elegantly touched. Sweeter than spring !
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,
 That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, ah where !
 In what sequester'd desert ; hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;
 Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years ;
 O let me now, into a richer soil,
 Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and showers

Diffuse

Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
 And of my garden be the pride and joy!
 Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
 Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 The father of a country, thus to pick
 The very refuse of those harvest fields,
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
 If to the various blessings which thy house
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!

Here ceas'd the youth, yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours;
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

THE Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer hot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
 Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd

S

In

In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
 Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse ; for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ;
 Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
 But now, of turbid elements the sport,
 From clear to cloudy tolt, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ;
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man
 Is now become the lion of the plain,
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
 E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
 Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
 And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks,
 What have you done ; ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death ? you who have given us milk

In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
 Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the *Samian* sage.
 High *Heaven* forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

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ON CRITICISM.

—AND how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night? Oh, against all rule, my Lord, most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case and gender, he made a breach thus,—stopping as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths by a stop-watch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!—But in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise? did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?—Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I look'd only at the stop-watch, my lord.—Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?—Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord,—quite an irregular thing! not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had

my rule and compasses, &c. my lord, in my pocket.
—Excellent critic!

—And for the epic poem your lordship bade me look at;—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur!

—And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?—'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the correigiescity of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carrachi's—or the grand contour of Angelo.

Grant me patience, just Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reigns of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

BEVIL AND MR. MYRTLE.

Bev. **S**IR, I am extremely obliged to you for this honour.

Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances, which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without ceremony, or conference, to desire, that you will comply with the request in my letter, of which you have already acknowledged the receipt.

Bev. Sir, I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style. But, as I am conscious of
the

the integrity of my behaviour with respect to you, and intend that every thing in this matter, shall be your own seeking. I shall understand nothing, but what you are pleased to confirm face to face. You are therefore to take it for granted, that I have forgotten the contents of your epistle.

Myrt. Your cool behaviour, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the unworthy use, you have made of my simplicity and frankness to you. And I see, your moderation tends to your own advantage; not mine; to your own safety; not to justice for the wrongs you have done your friend.

Bev. My own safety, Mr. Myrtle.

Myrt. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, there is no disguising any longer, that I understand what you would force me to. You know my principle upon that point; and you have often heard me express my disapprobation of the savage manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws, both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! It would be a good first principle, in those, who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence at doing injuries, as— [Turns away abruptly.]

Bev. As what?

Myrt. As fear of answering them.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, I have no fear of answering any injury I have done you; because I have meant you none; for the truth of which I am ready to appeal to any indifferent person, even of your own choosing. But I own I am afraid of doing a wicked action, I mean, of shedding your blood, or giving you an opportunity of shedding mine, cold. I am not afraid of you, Mr. Myrtle. But I own, I am afraid of him, who gave me this life in trust, on other conditions, and with other designs, than that I should hazard, or throw it away, because a rash inconsiderate man is pleased to be offended, without knowing,

whether he is injured, or not. No—I will not, for your, or any man's humour, commit a known crime, a crime, which I cannot repair, or which may, in the very act, cut me off from all possibility of repentance.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this moralizing, shall not cheat me of my love. You may wish to preserve your life, that you may possess Lucinda. And I have reason to be indifferent about it, if I am to lose all that, from which I expect any joy in life. But I shall first try one mean toward recovering her, I mean, by shewing her what a dauntless hero she has chosen for her protector.

Bev. Shew me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authoriz'd to contend with you at the peril of the life of one of us, and I am ready upon your own terms. If this will not satisfy you, and you will make a lawless assault upon me, I will defend myself as against a ruffian. There is no such terror, Mr. Myrtle, in the anger of those, who are quickly hot, and quickly cold again, they know not how, or why. I defy you to shew wherein I have wrong'd you.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk coolly on this occasion. You who know not, I suppose, what it is to love, and from your large fortune, and your specious outward carriage, have it in your power to come, without much trouble or anxiety, to the possession of a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, distracted, with the terror of losing what is dearer than life. You are happy. Your marriage goes on like common business, and, in the interim, you have, for your soft moments of dalliance, your rambling captive, your Indian princess, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and the defence of spotless innocence, will, I hope, excuse my accepting your challenge,

or

or at least my obliging you to retract your infamous aspersions. I will not, if I can avoid it, shed your blood, nor shall you mine. But Indiana's purity I will defend. Who waits?

Serv. Did you call, Sir?

Bev. Yes, go call a coach.

Serv. Sir—Mr. Myrtle—Gentlemen—You are friends—I am but a servant—But—

Bev. Call a coach.

[Exit *Serv.*]

[A long pause. They walk sullenly about the room.]

[*Aside.*] Shall I (though provoked beyond sufferance) recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too; and shall I not have a due respect for the dictates of my own conscience; for what I owe to the best of fathers, and to the defenceless innocence of my lovely Indiana, whose very life depends on mine?

[*To Mr. Myrtle.*] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and have determined to convince you, by means I would willingly have avoided, but which yet are preferable to murderous duelling, that I am more innocent of nothing, than of rivalling you in the affections of Lucinda. Read this letter; and consider, what effect it would have had upon you to have found it about the man you had murdered.

[*Myrtle reads.*] “ I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself to acknowledge, that your manner of declining what has been proposed of a treaty of marriage in our family, and desiring, that the refusal might come from me, is more engaging, than the Smithfield courtship of him, whose arms I am in danger of being thrown into, unless your friend exerts himself for our common safety and happiness.”—O; I want no more, to clear your innocence, my injured worthy friend—I see her dear name at the bottom—I see, that you have been far enough from designing

designing any obstacle to my happiness, while I have been treating my benefactor as my betrayer—O Bevil, with what words shall I—

Bev. There is no need of words. To convince is more than to conquer. If you are but satisfied, that I meant you no wrong, all is as it should be.

Myrt. But can you—forgive—such madness?

Bev. Have not I myself offended? I had almost been as guilty as you, though I had the advantage of you, by knowing what you did not know.

Myrt. That I should be such a precipitate wretch?

Bev. Prithee no more.

Myrt. How many friends have died by the hand of friends, merely for want of temper! What do I not owe to your superiority of understanding! What a precipice have I escaped! O my friend!—Can you ever—forgive—Can you ever again look upon me—with an eye of favour?

Bev. Why should I not? Any man may mistake. Any man may be violent, where his love is concerned. I was myself.

Myrt. O Bevil! You are capable of all that is great, all that is heroic.

[Enter a servant to Bevil, and gives a letter.]

LORD EUSTACE AND FRAMPTON.

Ld. Eust. WELL, my dear Frampton, have you secured the letters?

Fram. Yes, my lord, for their rightful owners.

Ld. Eust. As to the matter of property, Frampton, we will not dispute much about that. Necessity, you know, may sometimes render a trespass excusable.

Fram. I am not casuist sufficient to answer you, upon that subject; but this I know, that you have already trespassed against the laws of hospitality and honour, in your conduct towards Sir William Evans, and his daughter—And as your friend and counsellor,
both

both, I would advise you to think seriously, of repairing the injuries you have committed, and not increate your offence, by a farther violation.

Ld. Eust. It is actually a pity you were not bred to the bar, Ned; but I have only a moment to stay, and am all impatience to know, if there be a letter from Langwood, and what he says.

Fram. I shall never be able to afford you the least information, upon that subject, my lord.

Ld. Eust. Surely, I do not understand you. You said you had secured the letters—Have you not read them?

Fram. You have a right, and none but you, to ask me such a question. My weak compliance with your first proposal relative to these letters, warrants your thinking so meanly of me. But know, my lord, that though my personal affection for you, joined to my unhappy circumstances, may have betrayed me to actions unworthy of myself, I never can forget, that there is a barrier fixed before the extreme of baseness, which honour will not let me pass.

Ld. Eust. You will give me leave to tell you, Mr. Frampton, that where I lead, I think you need not halt.

Fram. You will pardon me, my lord; the consciousness of another man's errors, can never be a justification for our own; and poor, indeed, must that wretch be, who can be satisfied with the negative merit of not being the worst man he knows.

Ld. Eust. If this discourse were uttered in a conventicle, it might have its effect; by setting the congregation to sleep.

Fram. It is rather meant to rouse, than lull your lordship.

Ld. Eust. No matter what it is meant for; give me the letters, Mr. Frampton.

Fram. Yet, excuse me. I could as soon think of arming a madman's hand, against my own life, as
suffer

suffer you to be guilty of a crime that will, for ever, wound your honour.

Ld. Eust. I shall not come to you, to heal the wound : your medicines are too rough and coarse, for me.

Fram. The soft poison of flattery, might, perhaps please you better.

Ld. Eust. Your conscience may, probably, have as much need of palliatives, as mine, Mr. Frampton, as I am pretty well convinced, that your course of life, has not been more regular, than my own.

Fram. With true contrition, my lord, I confess part of your sarcasm, to be just. Pleasure was the object of my pursuit, and pleasure I obtained, at the expence, both of health, and fortune : but yet, my lord, I broke not in upon the peace of others ; the laws of hospitality, I never violated ; nor did I ever seek to injure, or seduce, the wife, or daughter, of my friend.

Ld. Eust. I care not what you did ; give me the letters.

Fram. I have no right to keep, and therefore shall surrender them, though with the utmost reluctance ; but, by our former friendship, I intreat you not to open them.

Ld. Eust. That you have forfeited.

Fram. Since it is not in my power to prevent your committing an error, which you ought, for ever, to repent of, I will not be a witness of it. There are the letters.

Ld. Eust. You may, perhaps, have cause to repent your present conduct, Mr. Frampton, as much as I do our past attachment.

Fram. Rather than hold your friendship upon such terms, I resign it for ever. Farewel, my lord.

Re-enter FRAMPTON.

Fram. Ill treated as I have been, my lord, I find it impossible to leave you surrounded by difficulties.

Ld.

Ld. Eust. That sentiment should have operated sooner, Mr. Frampton. Recollection is seldom of use to our friends, though it may sometimes be serviceable to ourselves.

Fram. Take advantage of your own expression, my lord; and recollect yourself. Born and educated as I have been, a gentleman, how have you injured both yourself and me, by admitting and uniting in the same confidence, your rascally servant!

Ld. Eust. The exigency of my situation is a sufficient excuse to myself, and ought to have been so to the man who called himself my friend.

Fram. Have a care, my lord, of uttering the least doubt upon that subject; for could I think you once mean enough to suspect the sincerity of my attachment to you, it must vanish at that instant.

Ld. Eust. The proofs of your regard have been rather painful of late, Mr. Frampton.

Fram. When I see my friend upon the verge of a precipice, is that a time for compliment? Shall I not rudely rush forward, and drag him from it? Just in that state you are at present, and I will strive to save you. Virtue may languish in a noble heart, and suffer her rival, vice, to usurp her power; but baseness must not enter, or she flies for ever. The man who has forfeited his own esteem, thinks all the world has the same consciousness, and therefore is what he deserves to be, a wretch.

L. Eust. Oh, Frampton! you have lodged a dagger in my heart.

Fram. No, my dear Eustace, I have saved you from one, from your own reproaches, by preventing your being guilty of a meanness, which you could never have forgiven yourself.

(friend?)

Ld. Eust. Can you forgive me, and be still my

Fram. As firmly as I have ever been, my lord.

—But let us, at present, hasten to get rid of the mean business we are engaged in, and forward the letters we have no right to detain.

HENRY

HENRY AND LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Ch. Just. I AM assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate
me. (forget

P. HENRY. No! might a prince of my great hopes
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of England! was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' administration of his law,
While I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleas'd to forget my place,
The majesty and pow'r of law and justice,
The image of the King whom I presented;
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at naught;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To strip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your working in a second body;
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r so silencing your son.
After this cold confid'rance, sentence me;
And, as you are King, speak in your state,

What

What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Liege's sovereignty.

P. Henry. You are right, Justice, and you weigh
this well;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
Happy am I, that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And no less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hand of justice.—You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you use the same
With a like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents,
To your well practis'd wise directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beseech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave;
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my seeming. Though my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state might go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;

T

That

That war or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand,
 Our coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remember'd) all our state,
 And (Heav'n consigning to my good intents)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
 Heav'n shorten Harry's happy life one day.

HAMLET AND HORATIO.

Hor. **H**AIL to your Lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant
 ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
 with you:

And what makes you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself. I know you are no truant;
 But what is your affair in Elsinoor?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your father's fune-
 ral.

Ham. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral bak'd
 meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heav'n,

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father—methinks I see my father.

Hor. O where, my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?—

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hor. Season your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For Heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with th' effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Hor. My Lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;
But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Hor. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Hor. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Hor. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh, yes, my Lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes on you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there!

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like. Staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a
hundred.

Ham. His beard was griss'd?—no.

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk
again.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

Ham. If it assumes my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be ten'ble in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befall to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your love: so fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

BRUTUS

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. WILL you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony:

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And shew of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself;
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Cassius, be you one;
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection from some other thing.

Cas. 'Tis just.
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,
 (Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cæ-
 sius,

That you would have me seek into myself
 For that which is not in me?

Cæs. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
 And since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which yet you know not of.

And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus;

Were I a common laughèr, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protestor; if you know,

That I do fawn on men; and hug them hard,

And after scandal them; or if you know;

That I profess myself in banquetting

To all the root; then hold me dangerous.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the
 people

Chuse Cæsar for their King.

Cæs. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cæsius; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set Honour in one eye, and Death in th' other,

And I will look on Death indifferently:

For let the gods so speed me, as I love

The name of Honour more than I fear Death.

Cæs. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my single self,

I had

I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear; so from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar; and this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature; and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye whose bend does awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan;
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd—Give me some drink, Titinius—
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are

For

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cæs. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at sometimes are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus—and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be founded, more than your's?

Write them together; your's is as fair a name:

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meats does this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide walls incompas'd but one man?

Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd

Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim:

How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter: for this present,

I would not (so with love I might intreat you)

Be any further mov'd. What you have said,

I will consider; what you have to say,

I will with patience hear; and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;

Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under

Under such hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Caf. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

PRIULI AND JAFFIER.

Pr. **N**O more! I'll hear no more. Be gone,
and leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me! By my sufferings but you
shall.

My lord! my lord! I am not that abject wretch
You think me. Where's the difference, throws me
back

So far behind you, that I must not speak to you!

Pr. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
But have endur'd the thought of doing wrong,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father:
You cannot say, that I have ever wrong'd you.

Pr. I say, you've wrong'd me in the nicest point,
The honour of my house. You can't defend
Your baseness to me. When you first came home,
From travel, I with open arms receiv'd you,
Pleas'd with your seeming virtues; sought to raise
you.

My house, my table, fortune, all was yours.
And, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
Seduc'd the joy of my declining age,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.

Jaff. Is this your gratitude to him who sav'd
Your daughter's life? You know, that, but for me
You had been childless. I restor'd her to you,
When sunk before your eyes amidst the waves,
I hazarded my life for her's; and she
Has richly paid me with her gen'rous love.

Pr.

Pr. You stole her from me, like a thief you stole her,
 At dead of night. That cursed hour you chose
 To rife me of all my heart held dear.
 But may your joy in her prove false as mine.
 May the hard hand of pinching poverty
 Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
 The curse of disobedience all your fortune.
 Home, and be humble. Study to retrench.
 Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
 Those pageants of thy folly.
 Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife
 To humble weeds fit for thy narrow state.
 Then to some suburb-cottage both retire,
 And with your starveling brats enjoy your misery.
 Home, home, I say.

S E N S I B I L I T Y.

DEAR-Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's
 precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows!
 thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw,
 and it is thou who lifts him up to Heaven. Eternal
 Fountain of our feelings! It is here I trace thee,
 and this is thy divinity which stirs within me; not
 that in some sad and sickening moments, ' my soul
 shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction
 —mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some gener-
 ous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes
 from thee, great, great Sensorium of the world!
 which vibrates, if a hair of our head but falls upon
 the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.
 Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain
 when I languish; hears my tale of symptoms, and
 blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves.
 Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the rough-
 est peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains.—
 He finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock. This
 moment I beheld him leaning with his head against
 his

his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it.—O! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death,—his gentle heart bleeds with it.

Peace to thee, generous swain! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it; for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the sharer of it, and happy are the lambs which sport about you,

ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

AH little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain;
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man:
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery: sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty: how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse:
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many rack'd, with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress: how many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish.—Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,

One

One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate;
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would war,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM A
 CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of heav'n, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
 Of nature fair imagination culls
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What tho' not all
 Of mortal offspring can attain the height
 Of envied life; tho' only few possess
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
 With richer treasures and an ampler state
 Indows at large whatever happy man
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,
 The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
 Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him, the hand
 Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
 And loves unselt attract him. Not a breeze
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes

The

The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade
 Ascends; but whence his bosom can partake
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
 Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,
 By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
 Becomes herself harmonious: went so oft
 In outward things to meditate the charm
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
 To find a kindred order, to exert
 Within herself this elegance of love,
 This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
 Refine at length, and every passion wears
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
 On nature's form where negligent of all
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind
 Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
 Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
 Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
 The elements and seasons: all declare
 For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
 The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourselves
 His energy divine: he tells the heart,
 He meant, he made us to behold and love
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb
 Of life and being, to be great like him,
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men
 Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
 Hold converse, grow familiar, day by day,
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
 And form to his, the relish of their souls.

CORPORAL TRIM'S ELOQUENCE.

—MY young master in London is dead, said Obadiah—

—Here is sad news, Trim, cried Saffannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepped into the kitchen,—master Bobby is dead.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh—Poor creature!—poor boy! poor gentleman!

He was alive last Whitsuntide, said the coachman. —Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability) and are we not (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—It was infinitely striking! Saffannah burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

“Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?”—There was nothing in the sentence—it was one of your self-evident truths: we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head, he had made nothing at all of it.

“Are we not here now;” continued the corporal, “and are we not” (dropping his hat plumb upon the ground—and pausing, before he pronounced the word) “gone! in a moment?” The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was

the

the type and forerunner, like it ;—his hand seemed to vanish from under it, it fell dead, the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corps,—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

CLARENCE AND BRAKENBURY.

Brak. **W**HY looks your Grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my Lord ? I pray
 you tell me. (Tower,

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the
 And was imbar'd to cross to Burgundy,
 And in my company my brother Glo'ster ;
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatchers. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we passed along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatchers,
 Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and in falling
 Struck me (that sought to stay him) over-board,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears !
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems ;

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O then began the tempest to my soul:
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renown'd Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds;

Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
 O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !
 I pr'ythee, Brakenbury, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

EVE'S ACCOUNT OF HER TROUBLESOME
 DREAM.

O SOLE in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection ! Glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd. For I this night
 (Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd—
 If dream'd—not as I oft am wont, of thee ;
 Works of day past ; or morrow's next design ;
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk,
 With gentle voice. I thought it thine. It said,
 " Why sleep'st thou Eve ? Now is the pleasant time,
 " The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 " To the night warbling bird, that now awake,
 " Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song ; now reigns
 " Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
 " Shadowy sets off the face of things. In vain,
 " If none regards. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
 " Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire ?
 " In whose sight all things joy with ravishment,
 " Attracted by thy beauty—still to gaze."

I rose, as at thy call ; but found thee not.
 To find thee I directed then my walk ;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd thro' ways,
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer to my fancy, than by day ;
 And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
 By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia. On that tree he also gaz'd ;
 And, " O fair plant," said he, " with fruit surcharg'd,

" Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
 " Nor god, nor man? Is knowledge so despis'd?
 " Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 " Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 " Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?"
 This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted. Me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold.
 But he thus overjoy'd, " O fruit divine,
 " Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt;
 " Forbidden here, it seems as only fit
 " For gods; yet able to make gods of men:
 " And why not gods of men, since good, the more
 " Communicated, more abundant grows,
 " The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
 " Here, happy creature! fair, angelic Eve!
 " Partake thou also; happy though thou art,
 " Happier thou mayst be; worthier canst not be:
 " Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods,
 " Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,
 " But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes
 " Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
 " What life the gods live there, and such live thou!"
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part,
 Which he had pluck'd. The pleasant sav'ry smell
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld,
 The earth out-stretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various. Wond'ring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation; suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep. But O how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream.

ELEGY

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lift their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied bliss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;

Forbade

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd deed
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
'Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There

- ‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
- ‘ That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
- ‘ His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
- ‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
- ‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
- ‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
- ‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
- ‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.
- ‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
- ‘ Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree;
- ‘ Another came; not yet beside the rill,
- ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;
- ‘ The next with dirges due in sad array
- ‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him borne.
- ‘ Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay,
- ‘ ‘Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
*A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav’n did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Mis’ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain’d from Heav’n (’twas all he wist’d) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

SATAN’S

SATAN'S SPEECH TO DEATH.

WHENCE, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance

Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee.
Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd:
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here, and scorn,
Where I reign king; and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before,

THE SPEECH OF SIN TO SATAN.

O FATHER! what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee, to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know't for whom:
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids:
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son,
I know thee not; nor ever saw, till now,
Sight more darestable than him and thee.

THE SPEECH OF SATAN IN HIS INFERNAL
PALACE OF PANDEMONIUM.

POW'RS and dominions, Deities of heaven!
For, since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious, and more dread, than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of heaven
Did first create your leader; next, free choice,
With what besides, in council, or in fight,
Had been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss
Thus far, at least, recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferiour: but who here
Will envy, whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the thund'rer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction: for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind

Will

Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate: who can advise, may speak.

MOLOCH'S SPEECH TO SATAN.

MY sentence is for open war. Of wiles
 More inexpert, I boast not. Them let those
 Contrive, who need; unworthy of our might.
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions, now under arms, who longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
 By our delay!—No—let us rather choose,
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against our torturer. When to meet the noise
 Of his terrific engine, he shall hear
 Infernal thunder, and for light'ning, see
 Black fire, and horror, shot with equal rage
 Amongst his angels; and his throne itself
 Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
 His own invented torments.—But perhaps
 The way seems difficult, and steep, to scale
 With adverse wing against a higher foe.—
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That, in our proper motion, we ascend
 Up to our native seat. Descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When our fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
 X
 Insulting

Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep ;
 With what compulsion, and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low?—Th' ascent is easy then.—
 Th' event is fear'd.—Should we again provoke
 Our enemy, some worse way he may find
 To our destruction ; if there be in hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd.—What can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, con-
 demn'd

In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorable, and the tort'ring hour
 Calls us to penance?—More destroy'd than thus
 We must be quite abolish'd, and expire.

What fear we then?—What doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire ; which, to the height enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential ; (happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being)
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
 On this side nothing. And by proof we feel
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne ;
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

BELIAL'S SPEECH, IN ANSWER TO THE
 FOREGOING.

I SHOULD be much for open war, O peers !
 As not behind in hate ; if what was urg'd
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
 When he, who most excels in feats of arms,
 In what he counsels, and in what excels

Mistrustful

Mistrustful; grounds his courage on despair,
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 But what revenge?—The tow'rs of heav'n are fill'd
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable. Oft on the bord'ring deep
 Encamp their legions; or with flight obscure,
 Scout far and wide into the realms of night,
 Scorning surprise—Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy,
 All incorruptible, would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mold,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair. We must exasperate
 Our Conqueror to let loose his boundless rage,
 And that must end us; that must be our cure,
 To be no more.—Sad cure!—For who would lose,
 Tho' full of pain, this intellectual being,
 These thoughts, that wander through eternity,—
 To perish utterly; for ever lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion?—But will He,
 So wise, let loose at once his utmost ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unawares,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless—"Wherefore cease we then,"
 Say they, who counsel war; "we are decreed,
 "Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe.
 "Whatever doing, what can we suffer more?
 "What can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What, when we fled amain, pursu'd, and struck
 By Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us; this place then seem'd

A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
 What if the breath, that kindled these grim fires,
 Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? Or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us? What, if all
 Her stores were open'd; and this firmament
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall.
 One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps,
 Designing, or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd,
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of wrecking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean wrapt in chains,
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrelieved,
 Ages of hopeless end?—This would be worse.—
 War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades.—

“ Shall we then live thus vile! The race of Heav'n
 “ Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
 “ Chains and these torments!”—Better these than
 By my advice. To suffer, as to do, [worse,
 Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust,
 That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold,
 And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
 What yet they know must follow; to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their Conqueror. This is now
 Our doom; which if with courage we can bear,
 Our foe supreme, in time, may much remit
 His anger, and, perhaps, thus far remov'd
 Not mind us, not offending, satisfy'd
 With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires

Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Their noxious vapour, or inur'd, not feel,
 Or chang'd, at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper, and in nature, will receive,
 Familiar, the fierce heat, and void of pain.
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light.
 Besides what hope the never-ending flow
 Of future days may bring; what chance, what change,
 Worth waiting. Since our present lot appears,
 For happy, dismal; yet, for ill, not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe.



MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious work, Parent of good !
 Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heav'n,
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,

Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
 And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecing skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
 Join voices all ye living souls; ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still
 To give us only good; and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

S A T A N's

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY.

O THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
 Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,
 Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King.
 Ah wherefore? he deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was,
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less, than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice: lifted up so high
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe;
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferiour angel, I had stood
 Then happy; no unbounded Hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what t' accuse,
 But

But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
 O then at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
 With other promises, and other vaunts,
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell:
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery: such joy ambition finds,
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state; how soon
 Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
 Which would but lead us to a worse relapse,
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission, bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher: therefore as far
 From granting He, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
 Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,

Mankind

Man kind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
 Evil be thou my good: by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold;
 By thee, and more than half perhaps, will reign;
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

M A D N E S S.

SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
 Blow into rage the Muse's fires!
 All thy answers, Echo, bring,
 Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
 'Tis Madness self inspires.

Hail, awful Madness, hail!
 Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
 Far as the voyager spreads his vent'rous sail.
 Nor best nor wisest are exempt from thee;
 Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark!—To the astonished ear
 The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound,
 They now approach, they now appear,—
 Phrensy leads her chorus near,
 And dæmons dance around.—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,
 Revenge; and Malice swell her train,—
 Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—
 Hope in disappointment lost—
 And injur'd Merit with a downcast eye,
 (Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of Madness rise,
 Various voices, various cries,—
 Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
 Bursts of laughter,—heart-felt groans—
 All seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wintry wave that roars
 On Thule's desert shores,
 Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
 The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
 (Rage the burthen of his jarring song)

In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.
 No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
 All former scenes of dear delight,
 Connubial love—parental joy—
 No sympathies like these his soul employ
 —But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
 By too much tenderness betray'd;
 Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
 But slighted vows possess, and fainting soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
 All—but in reason, still the same.—
 Streaming eyes,
 Incessant sighs,
 Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
 Point out to pity's tears, the poor distracted fair.
 Dead to the world—her fondest wishes cross'd,
 She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
 Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
 She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
 On her sequester'd steps intrude!—

'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
 Merry mischief fills his brain.
 Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
 The mimic monarch skips around;
 Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
 And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
 Drawn from the inmost soul!
 “Give the knife, dæmons, or the poison'd bowl,
 “To finish miseries equal to your own.”—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?
 —'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.—
 Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
 Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,
 Duteous daughter of the skies,
 To warm and cheer the human mind,
 To make men happy, good, and wise.
 To point, where sits in love array'd,
 Attentive to each suppliant call,
 The God of universal aid,
 The God, the Father of us all.

First shewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
'Till Superstition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.

Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,
And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best dependence lies.

But ah!—too thick thy crowd—too close thy throng,
Objects of pity and affright!—
Spare farther the descriptive song—
Nature shudders at the sight.—
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless groupe low drop compassion's veil.

JUBA AND SYPHAX.

Jub. **S**YPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercastr with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face
When discontent sits heavy at my heart:
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the Lords and sovereigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superiour virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets this
people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?

OF

Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
 Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
 Who like our active African instructs
 The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
 Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
 Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
 In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
 Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
 A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
 To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
 To lay it under the restraint of laws;
 To make man mild, and sociable to man;
 To cultivate the wild licentious savage
 With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;
 Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these,
 Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
 And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, just Heav'ns!—Excuse an old
 man's warmth.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
 This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
 That render man thus tractable and tame?
 Are they not only to disguise our passions,
 To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
 To check the starts and fallies of the soul,
 And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
 In short, to change us into other creatures,
 Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to
 Cato!

There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
 The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
 While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
 He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat:
 And when his fortune sets before him all

The

The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts,
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn :
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense ;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato ?
Heav'n's ! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings !
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him !

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of
soul :

I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglorious :
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric sands disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh ?
My father's name brings tears into mine eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills !

Jub. What would'st thou have me do ?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you?
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture, and to please my soul.
The good old King at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, the story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather say your love.

Jub.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper;
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this,
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in ev'ry thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Softens the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in
her praise!

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
'Thro' all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when? or where?—This world was made for
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

SOUTHAMPTON AND ESSEX.

Officer. MY Lord,
We bring an order for your execution,
And hope you are prepar'd; for you must die
This very hour.

South. Indeed, the time is sudden!

Eff. Is death th' event of all my flatter'd hope?
False Sex! and Queen more perjur'd than them all!
But die I will without the least complaint,
My soul shall vanish silent as the dew
Attracted by the sun from verdant fields,
And leaves of weeping flowers—Come my dear friend,
Partner in fate, give me thy body in

These

These faithful arms, and O now let me tell thee,
And you, my Lords, and Heaven my witness too,
I have no weight, no heaviness on my soul,
But that I've lost my dearest friend his life.

South. And I protest by the same powers divine,
And to the world, 'tis all my happiness,
The greatest bliss my mind yet e'er enjoy'd,
Since we must die, my Lord, to die together.

Officer. The Queen, my Lord Southampton, has
been pleas'd

To grant particular mercy to your person;
And has by us sent you a reprieve from death,
With pardon of your treasons, and commands
You to depart immediately from hence.

South. O my unguarded soul! Sure never was
A man with mercy wounded so before!

Eff. Then I am loose to steer my wand'ring voyage;
Like a bad vessel that has long been cross'd,
And bound by adverse winds, at last gets liberty,
And joyfully makes all the sail she can,
To reach its wish'd for port—Angels protect
The Queen, for her my chiefest prayers shall be,
That as in time she has spar'd my noble friend,
And owns his crime worth mercy, may she ne'er
Think so of me too late when I am dead—
Again, Southampton, let me hold thee fast,
For 'tis my last embrace.

South. O be less kind, my friend, or move less pity,
Or I shall sink beneath the weight of sadness!
I weep that I am doom'd to live without you,
And should have smil'd to share the death of Essex.

Eff. O spare this tenderness for one that needs it,
For her that I commit to thee, 'tis all that I
Can claim of my Southampton—O my wife!
Methinks that very name should stop thy pity,
And make thee covetous of all as lost
That is not meant to her—be a kind friend
To her, as we have been to one another;
Name not the dying Essex to thy Queen,

Left it should cost a tear ; nor ne'er offend her.

South. O stay, my Lord, let me have on word more ;
One last farewell, before the greedy axe
Shall part my friend, my only friend from me,
And Essex from himself—I know not what
Are call'd the pangs of death, but sure I am
I feel an agony that's worse than death—
Farewel.

Eff. Why, that's well said—Farewel to thee—
Then let us part, just like two travellers,
Take distant paths, only this difference is,
Thine is the longest, mine the shortest way—
Now let me go—if there's a throne in heaven
For the most brave of men and best of friends,
I will bespeak it for Southampton. (memory :

South. And I, while I have life, will hoard thy
When I am dead, we then shall meet again.

Eff. Till then, Farewel.

South. Till then, Farewel.

HENRY IV.'s SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

HOW many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I irighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case to a common larum-bell ?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;

And

And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning-clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes:
 Can'st thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliance and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low! lie down;
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HENRY.

P. Henry. **I** NEVER thought to hear you speak again.
K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry,
 to that thought.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours,
 Before thy hour be ripe! O foolish youth!
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will o'erwhelm thee.
 Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
 That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
 Thou hast stol'n that, which after some few hours,
 Were thine without offence; and at my death
 Thou hast sealed up my expectation;
 Thy life did manifest, thou lov'st me not;
 And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
 What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
 And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear,
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
 Be drops of bal'n to sanctify thy head;

Only

Only compound me with forgotten dust,
 Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
 For now a time is come to mock at form;
 Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
 Down, Royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From ev'ry region, apes of idleness:
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum;
 Have you a ruffian that will swear? drink? dance?
 Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more?
 England shall give him office, honour, might:
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
 The muzzle of restraint! and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
 (The moist impediments unto my speech)
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And he that wears the crown immortally,
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
 Heav'n witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to shew th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed.

Coming

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 (And deed almost, my Leige, to think you were)
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
 Hath fed upon the body of my father,
 Therefore thou best of gold art worst of gold ;
 Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in med'cine potable :
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it (as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father)
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride,
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did with the least affection of a welcome
 Give entertainment to the might of it ;
 Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

K. Henry. O my son !
 Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. Heav'n knows, my son,
 By what by-path, and indirect crook'd ways
 I met this crown ; and I myself know well,
 How troublesome it sat upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation :
 For all the foil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances ;

Which

Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace. All their bold feats,
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered.
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument : and now my death
 Changes the mode ; for what in me was purchas'd,
 Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort ;
 For thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
 And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
 To be again displac'd ; which to avoid
 I cut them off, and had a purpose now
 To lead out many to the holy land ;
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence, borne out,
 May waste the memory of former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wait'd so,
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
 Then plain and right must my possession be ;
 Which I with more than with a common pain,
 'Gainst all the world, will rightfully maintain.

HENRY VI. AND CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

K. Henry. **H**OW fares my Lord ? Speak, Beau-
 fort, to thy Sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's
 treasure,

Enough

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confess——
Alive again? Then shew me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him——
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
Oh, beat away the busy, meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.
—Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign! O God, forgive him.

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

Wol. SO forewel to the little good your bear me!
Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his shoot;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

At

At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart now open'd. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
 I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities;
 A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his Grace; and, from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n!

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right
 use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
 Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
 T' endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom.

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——

But he's a learned man. May he continue Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones, When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings, May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him! What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome; Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne, Whom the King hath in secrecy long married, This day was view'd in open as his Queen, Going to chapel; and the voice is now Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun I pray may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so a true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.

Z

The

The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee;
Say, *Wolsey*, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depth and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
(Tho' th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that wait thee!
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's: then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King—
And pr'ythee lead me in—
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

LEAR.

L E A R.

BLOW winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanes, spout [cocks!
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
 Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
 Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once
 That make ungrateful man!

Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure.—Here I stand your brave;
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
 Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
 That art incestuous! catiff, shake to pieces,
 That, under cover of convivial seeming,
 Has practis'd on man's life!—Close-pent up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continents, and ask
 Those dreadful summoners grace!—I am a man,
 More sinn'd against, than sinning.

MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.

IS this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me
 clutch thee.—

Z 2

I have

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.—

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;
 And on the blade of th' dagger, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd Murder,
 (Alarm'd by his centinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou found and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about;
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he lives—
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

ANTONY'S SOLILOQUY OVER
 CÆSAR'S BODY.

O PARDON me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers,
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,

(Which

(Which like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,)
A curse shall light upon the line of men ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war :
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

FRRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious ;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men).
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful, and just to me ;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause.
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to Brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason—Bear with me.—
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
 You all do know this mantle; I remember;
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on,
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii—
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;—
 See what a rent the envious Cæsar made.—
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel!
 Judge, on you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him:
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell;
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd; as you see, by traitors.—
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To any sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is:
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That give me public leave to speak of him:
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
 — mouths!
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. **T**HAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear
 in this,

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
 Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet

That

That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!—

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake!
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty meed of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forgot myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru.

Bru. All this? ay more. Fret till your proud heart break;

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge? Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch Under your testy humour? By the gods, You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Tho' it do split you: for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier; Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, And it shall please me well. For mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, I said, an elder soldier; not a better. [Brutus; Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted

Cas. I durst not! [me.

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do what I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; For I am arm'd so strong in honesty, That they pass by me, as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me; For I can raise no money by vile means: By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash, By any indirection. I did send To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which

Which you deny'd me; was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd
my heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd by a bondman; all his faults observ'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and comm'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—there is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;

Who

Who much inforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leaves you so.

O T H E L L O A N D I A G O .

Iag. MY noble Lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iag. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my Lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did from first to last? why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed! (that?)

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Oth. Honest? ay, honest.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord!—

Oth. Think, my Lord! Why, by Heav'n, thou
echo'st me;

As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too hideous to be shewn: Thou dost mean some
thing:

I heard thee say but now, "thou lik'dst not that,"—
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, "In-
deed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost:

And for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem knaves!

Oth. Certain! men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!—Why, say, they're vile and
false;

As where's that palace, whereinto souls things
Sometimes

Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Think I, perchance, am vicious in my guesses,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To 'spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) I intreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean? (Lord,

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my
Is the immediate jewel of their souls. (nothing;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been slave to thou-
sands:

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts—

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody:

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves.

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich and rich enough;

A a

But

But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good Heaven ! the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Oth. Why ? why is this ?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ?—'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
Where virtue is, these make more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with Cassio ;
Wear your eye, thus ; not jealous, nor secure ;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd ; look to't.
I know our country-disposition well ;
In Venice they do let Heav'n see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to then ;

She, that, so young, could give out such a seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak——
He thought it was witchcraft—but I'm much to
blame :

I humbly

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has :

I hope you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're moved—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech.
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend.

My Lord, I see you're mov'd—

Oth. No, not much mov'd—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you 'to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—

Iago. Ay, there's the point;—as (to be bold with
you)

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country-forms,
And, haply, so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
Set on thy wife t' observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry?—

This

This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your
Honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it no time;
Altho' 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means;
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

APPENDIX.

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APPENDIX.

CONTAINING,

First, a complete list of all the words in the English language, which, (though written differently,) have a similarity of sound: 2dly, of those substantives, and verbs of the same orthography but of a different accent: 3dly, of those substantives and verbs which vary in their sound, either by a different consonant as *advice, f. advise, v.*: or by changing the hard sound of the consonant in the substantive into the soft sound thereof; as in *use, f. use, v.*: 4thly, of those substantives and adjectives alike in orthography, but differently accented: as *August, f. name of a month, and august', a. sacred*: and lastly, of the adjectives and verbs changing the seat of the accent; as *ab'sent, a. not present; absent', v. to keep away.*

FIRST, OF SUCH WORDS AS HAVE A SIMILARITY OF SOUND.

A BACA, <i>f. a plant</i>	Accessory, <i>f. an abettor</i>
Abaco, <i>f. arithmetic anciently</i>	Accessory, <i>a. joined to another</i>
Abacus, <i>f. a desk</i>	Accessory, <i>f. an adviser, accomplice</i>
Abacus, <i>f. table of numbers</i>	Accidence, <i>f. first rudiments</i>
Abaisance, <i>f. bow of respect</i>	Accident, <i>f. casualty</i>
Obeisance, <i>f. curtesy</i>	Acclivis, <i>f. name of a muscle</i>
Abater, <i>f. he who abates</i>	Acclivous, <i>a. rising with a slope</i>
Abator, <i>f. who takes possession</i>	Accomplice, <i>f. a partaker</i>
before the heir	Accomplish, <i>v. to fulfil</i>
Abay, <i>v. to pay dear for</i>	Accompt, <i>f. computation</i>
Obey, <i>v. to comply</i>	Account, <i>f. regard; v. to compute</i>
Abba, <i>f. father</i>	Accordance, <i>f. agreement with</i>
Abbey, <i>f. a convent</i> [bridges	Accordant, <i>a. willing</i>
Abbreviator, <i>f. he who a-</i>	Accusation, <i>f. a criminal charge</i>
Abbreviature, <i>f. an abridge-</i>	Excusation, <i>f. apology, defence</i>
Able, <i>a. powerful</i> [ment	Accusatory, <i>a. containing accusation</i>
Abel, <i>f. Cain's brother.</i>	Excusatory, <i>a. pleading excuse</i>
a Bell, <i>f. metal vessel</i>	Acorn,
Aboard, <i>ad. in a ship</i>	
a Board, <i>f. a plank</i>	

- Acorn, *f.* seed of oak
a Corn, *f.* a grain, hard lump
 Across, *ad.* athwart
a Cross, *f.* misfortune, a gibbet
 Acuate, *v.* to sharpen
 Actuate, *v.* to move
 Adapt, *v.* to fit, to suit
 Adept, *f.* a skilful artist, &c.
 Adopt, *v.* to make one's own
 Addition, *f.* increase
 Addition, *f.* act of going to, &c.
 Edition, *f.* republication
 Admixture, *f.* junction of two
 bodies [another
 Admixture, *f.* body mixed with
 Adrift, *ad.* floating
a Drift, *f.* design, a float, storm
 Adulteress, *f.* a prostitute
 Adulterous, *a.* guilty of adultery
 ery [blame
 Adumbrant, *a.* giving resemblance
 Adumbrate, *v.* to shadow out
 Affable, *a.* kind [ble
 Effable, *a.* expressive, utter-
 Afeard, *a.* frightened
 Afraid, *a.* terrified
 Affair, *f.* business
a Fair, *f.* a free market
 Affluence, *f.* great store
 Affluent, *a.* plentiful
 Afflux, *f.* act of flowing to
a Flux, *f.* dysentery
 Affray, *f.* a quarrel
a Fray, *f.* a quarrel
 Afield, *ad.* to the field
a Field, *f.* meadow-ground
 Aflat, *ad.* level with the ground
a Flat, *f.* a level, a shallow
 Afoot, *ad.* on foot
a Foot, *f.* that on which any
 thing stands
 Afront, *ad.* in front
 Affront, *f.* insult; *v.* to offend
 Aggroup, *v.* to unite into one
a Group, *f.* a cluster [figure
 Agnation, *f.* kindred
 Agnition, *f.* acknowledgment
 Ahead, *ad.* forward
a Head, *f.* top, chief
 Aid, *f.* help; *v.* to assist
 Ail, *v.* to be sick
 Ale, *f.* malt-liquor
 Aisle, *f.* walk in a church
 Hail, *f.* frozen drops of rain
 Hail, *v.* to salute
 Hail, *ad.* health be to you
 Hale, *a.* healthy
 Air, *f.* the element, a tune
 Arc, *v.* *Ex.* they are
 Hair, *f.* covering of the body
 Hare, *f.* a small quadruped
 Heir, *f.* inheritor by law
 E'er, contraction for ever
 Ere, *ad.* before, sooner
 Airy, *a.* brisk, windy
 Harry, *f.* a man's name
 Arras, *f.* tapestry
 Harrafs, *f.* Disturbance
 Her, *pronoun*, personal
 Here, *ad.* in this place
 Akin, *a.* allied by blood
 Aching, *a.* painful
 Aldern, *a.* made of alder
 Alder, *f.* a tree
 Elder, *a.* of more years
 Elder, *f.* a tree
 Alehoof, *f.* ground-ivy
 Aloof, *ad.* at a distance
 Alight, *v.* to get off a horse
a Light, *f.* *Ex.* a candle
 Alequant, *a.* uneven
 Aliquot, *a.* even
 Alish, *a.* like ale
 Alice, *f.* a woman's name
 Allay, *f.* base metal; *v.* to mix
 metals
 Ally, *f.* a friend confederate
 Alley, *f.* narrow passage
 Allayer, *f.* what allays
a Layer, *f.* sprig of a plant, root
 Allusion, *f.* hint, reference
 Evasion, *f.* artifice, evasion
 Allision, *f.* striking one thing
 against another
 Elision, *f.* a cutting off [figure
 Allocution, *f.* act of speaking
 Elocution, *f.* fluency, delivery
 Alloo, *v.* to incite
 Allow, *v.* to admit, pay to
 Alow, *ad.* in a low place
 Hallo

- Halloo, *v.* to cry out after dogs
 Hallow, *v.* to consecrate
 Halo, *f.* a red circle round the sun or moon
 Hollow, *f.* an opening
 Hollow, *v.* to excavate
 All, *a.* every one
 Awl, *f.* an instrument
 Hall, *f.* a large room
 Haul, *v.* to drag along
 Aloft, *ad.* on high
 a Loft, *f.* the highest floor
 Altar, *f.* place for sacrifice
 Alter, *v.* to change
 Halter, *f.* a rope
 Altern, *f.* by turns
 Alternately, *ad.* by turns
 Alternity, *f.* succession
 Am, *v.* *Ex.* I am
 Ham, *f.* the thigh
 Amiss, *ad.* wrong
 a Miss, *f.* term of honour, &c.
 Omission, *f.* loss
 Omission, *f.* neglect of duty
 Anchor, *f.* of a ship [measure]
 Anker, *f.* a vessel of liquid
 And, *a conjunction*
 Hand, *f.* part of the body
 Annual, *a.* yearly
 Annul, *v.* to make void
 Ant, *f.* an emmet
 Aunt, *f.* father's sister
 Haunt, *f.* a place of resort
 Antic, *f.* buffoon; *a.* odd [quity]
 Antique, *f.* remnant of anti-
 Apiece, *ad.* to each one's share
 a Piece, *f.* patch, part, coin
 Appeach, *a.* to accuse
 a Peach, *f.* fruit
 Appear, *v.* to seem
 a Peer, *f.* a nobleman
 Apprize, *v.* to inform
 a Prize, *f.* reward for merit
 Arbitrament, *f.* choice
 Arbitrement, *f.* arbitration
 Arbour, *f.* a bower
 Harbour, *v.* to entertain
 Arc, *f.* an arch
 Ark, *f.* a coffer
 Hark, *inj.* listen [cle
 Arch, *f.* a chief, part of a cir-
- Arch, *v.* to build arches
 Area, *f.* superficial content
 Era, *f.* the account of time
 Eyey, Airy, *f.* a nest of birds
 Arm, *f.* a limb [of prey
 Harm, *f.* mischief
 Armorer, *f.* a maker of arms
 Armour, *f.* warlike arms
 Arow, *ad.* in a row [things
 a Row, *f.* arrangement of
 Arrack, *f.* a spirit
 a Rack, *f.* engines for torture
 Arraign, *v.* to accuse
 a Rain, *f.* a falling of water
 Arrant, *a.* very bad
 Errand, *f.* a message [paid
 Arrear, *f.* part of a debt un-
 Arriere, *f.* rear of an army
 Art, *f.* cunning, science
 Art, *v.* *Ex.* thou art
 Heart, *f.* vital part
 Artless, *a.* without fraud
 Heartless, *a.* spiritless
 Ash, *f.* a tree
 Hash, *f.* minced meat
 As, *conj.* in the same manner
 Ass, *f.* an animal
 Ashore, *ad.* on the land
 a Shore, *f.* a prop, a drain
 Aside, *ad.* on one side
 a Side, *f.* rib part of animals
 Asperate, *v.* to make rough
 Aspirate, *v.* to pronounce full
 Aspire, *v.* to aim at
 a Spire, *f.* a round pyramid
 Assay, *f.* proof, trial
 Essay, *v.* to attempt
 Assign, *v.* to make over
 a Sign, *f.* a token [ness
 Assimilate, *v.* to bring to a like-
 At, *prep.* *Ex.* at home
 Ate, *v.* *Ex.* he ate
 Hat, *f.* covering for the head
 Hate, *f.* detestation
 Atop, *ad.* on the top
 a Top, *f.* a boy's play-thing
 Attainder, *f.* act of attaining
 Attender, *f.* associate
 Attaint, *f.* reproach
 Attent, *v.* heedful, attentive
 Attenuant, *a.* making thin
 Attenuate,

- Attenuate**, *a.* made thin
Auger, *f.* a carpenter's tool
Augur, *f.* a diviner by birds
Avoider, *f.* he who avoids
a Voider, *f.* a tray
Avow, *v.* to declare
a Vow, *f.* solemn promise
Auricula, *f.* a flower
Auricular, *a.* within hearing
Award, *f.* determination
a Ward, *f.* a prison
Away, *ad.* absent
a Way, *f.* a road
Ay, *ad.* yes
I, *personal pronoun*, myself
Eye, *f.* the organ of sight
High, *a.* dear, proud, lofty
Hoy, *f.* a coasting vessel
Aye, *ad.* always
Hay, *f.* dried grass
Hey, *intj.* word of joy
Bacon, *f.* hog's flesh
Beacon, *f.* a mark
Bad, *a.* ill, vicious
Bade, *v.* *Ex.* I bade him
Bail, *f.* a surety [sery
Bale, *f.* a bundle of goods; mi-
Bait, *f.* a temptation
Bate, *v.* to lessen any thing
Baize, *f.* coarse cloth
Bays, *f.* honorary crowns
Bald, *a.* without hair
Ball, *f.* any round thing
Bawl, *v.* to cry aloud
Barbary, *f.* a piratical state
Barbary, a woman's name
Barberry, *f.* a shrub
Bare, *a.* naked, plain
Bare, *v.* to strip
Bear, *v.* to support
Bear, *f.* a wild beast
Bark, *f.* rind of a tree
Bark, *f.* a ship [a dog
Bark, *v.* to make a noise like
Barm, *f.* yeast
Barn, *f.* repository for corn
Barrel, *f.* a vessel
Bawrel, *f.* a kind of hawk
Base, *a.* mean; *f.* the bottom
Base, *a.* grave, deep
Bat, *f.* a heavy stick
Bat, *f.* a flying mouse
Bate, *f.* strife; *v.* to lessen
Bauble, *f.* a halfpenny
Bawble, *f.* a child's play thing
Be, *v.* to exist
Bee, *f.* an insect
Beauty, *f.* a handsome appear-
Booty, *f.* plunder [ance
Beach, *f.* the shore
Beech, *f.* a tree
Bean, *f.* a sort of pulse
Been, *v.* *Ex.* I have been
Beat, *v.* to strike
Beet, *f.* a plant
Bead, *f.* a globular body
Bed, *f.* a place to sleep on
Beer, *f.* malt liquor
Bier, *f.* hand carriage for the
Belief, *f.* credit [ance
Believe, *v.* to trust in [sel
Bell, *f.* a hollow sounding ves-
Belle, *f.* a handsome young lady
Bellow, *v.* to make a noise
Below, *ad.* in the lower place
Bellows, *f.* an instrument to
 blow the fire
Billow, *f.* a wave swollen
Berlin, *f.* a kind of coach
Berlin, *f.* a city
Berry, *f.* any small fruit
Bury, *v.* to inter
Beryl, *f.* a precious stone
Beseech, *v.* to entreat
Besiege, *v.* to beset with arm-
 ed forces [ment
Besom, *f.* a domestic instru-
Bosom, *f.* the breast
Bo, *intj.* a word of terror
Bow, *v.* to bend
Besort, *v.* to suit, separate
Besought, *v.* *Ex.* I besought him
Better, *a.* more good
Bettor, *f.* one who lays wagers
Bilbo, *f.* a rapier, a sword
Bubo, *f.* a swelling in the groin
Bile, *f.* an inflamed swelling
Boil, *v.* to be hot
Biter, *f.* a sharper, he who
Bitter, *a.* sharp, cruel [bites
Bittern, *f.* a sea-water fowl
Blain, *f.* a pustule, a bile
 Blame,

lame, *f.* crime, fault
 Bleit, blait, *a.* bashful
 Bleat, *v.* to cry as a sheep
 Blew, *v.* *Ex.* the wind *blew*
 Blue, *f.* a colour [happy
 Bless, *v.* to prosper, to make
 Bliss, *f.* complete happiness
 Boar, *f.* the male swine
 Bore, *v.* to make holes
 Boor, *f.* a clown
 Bole, *f.* earth, a measure
 Boll, *f.* a round stalk
 Bowl, *f.* a hollow vessel
 Bowl, *v.* to play with a bowl
 Booby, *f.* a stupid fellow
 Bubby, *f.* a woman's breast
 Bonelace, *f.* flaxen lace
 Boneless, *a.* without bones
 Born, *part.* born into the world
 Borne, *part.* of to *bear*: carried
 Borough, *f.* a corporation
 Burrow, *f.* a rabbit-hole
 Borrow, *v.* to ask upon loan
 Bough, *f.* an arm of a tree
 Bow, *f.* act of reverence
 Bred, *a.* brought up
 Bread, *f.* food made of corn
 Breach, *f.* an opening
 Breech, *f.* the backside
 Breeze, *f.* a stinging fly
 Breeze, *f.* a gentle gale
 Bruise, *f.* a hurt in the flesh
 Brews, *v.* *Ex.* he *brews*
 Boy, *f.* a male child [wood
 Buoy, *f.* a floating piece of
 Buy, *v.* to pay a price for
 By, *prep.* and *ad.* near
 Bye, *f.* a dwelling [dock
 Buoy, *v.* to bear up
 Bur, *f.* rough head of the wild
 Burgh, *f.* a borough town
 Burr, *f.* the lob or lap of the
 ear [chants
 Burse, *f.* an exchange former-
 Burst, *f.* a sudden disruption
 Buss, *f.* a kiss
 Bust, *f.* a statue representing
 a man to his breast
 But, *conj.* except, yet, than
 But, *f.* a boundary
 Butt, *f.* a mark of ridicule

Butt, *v.* to strike like a ram
 Calculous, *a.* stony, gritty
 Calculus, *f.* the stone in the
 Caldron, *f.* a pot [bladder
 Chaldron, *f.* 36 bushels of coals
 Calendar, *f.* an almanac
 Calender, *f.* a hot press
 Call, *v.* to name
 Caul, *f.* integument of the
 Can, *v.* to be able [guts
 Cane, *f.* to walk with
 Canaille, *f.* the lowest people
 Canal, *f.* a basin of water
 Cannon, *f.* a large gun
 Canon, *f.* a rule, law, &c.
 Cap, *f.* a cover for the head
 Cape, *f.* a head-land, promon-
 tory [prize
 Captor, *f.* he who takes a
 Capture, *f.* a prize
 Carrack, *f.* a Spanish galleon
 Carrat, *f.* a wt. of 4 grains
 Cask, *f.* a barrel for liquor
 Casque, *f.* a helmet
 Caster, *f.* he who casts
 Castor, *f.* a beaver; star
 Calf, *f.* the young of a cow
 Caul, *f.* a chest to keep fish
 alive
 Cemetery, *f.* a burial place
 Cimeter, *f.* a Turkish hanger
 Catch, *f.* seizure, profit
 Ketch, *f.* an executioner
 Cease, *v.* to put a stop to
 Cess, *f.* a tax
 Ceil, *f.* to cover the inner
 roof of a building
 Seal, *f.* a stamp; sea-calf
 Celery, *f.* a species of parsley
 Salary, *f.* a periodical pay-
 ment
 Cell, *f.* cave, hut, prison
 Sell, *v.* to part with for a
 Cense, *f.* public rates [price
 Sense, *f.* faculty of perceiving
 Censer, *f.* pan in which in-
 cense is burned
 Cenfor, *f.* a reformer
 Cent, *f.* a hundred
 Sent, *v.* *Ex.* he *sent*
 Scent, *f.* a smell

Centaur,

- Centaur, *f.* a poetical being
 Centre, *f.* the middle
 Century, *f.* a hundred years
 Sentry, *f.* a soldier on guard
 Cere, *v.* to cover with wax
 Seer, *f.* one who sees, a pro-
 Cession, *f.* resignation [phet
 Session, *f.* act of sitting
 Chase, *f.* heat, rage
 Chaff, *f.* husks of corn
 Chagrin, *f.* ill humour
 Shagreen, *f.* a fish-skin
 Chap, *f.* a cleft
 Chape, *f.* the catch of a buckle
 Chapter, *f.* the capital of a
 pillar
 Chapter, *f.* division of a book
 Check, *f.* restraint
 Cheek, *f.* side of the face
 Chin, *f.* lowest part of the face
 Chine, *f.* back bone
 Chose, *v.* *Ex.* he *chose*
 Chouse, *v.* to cheat
 Chrism, *f.* holy unguent, or oil
 Christom, *f.* a child who dies
 within a month
 Christen, *v.* to baptize
 Chronical, *a.* of long contin-
 Chronicle, *f.* history [uance
 Gingle, *f.* a girth for a horse
 Single, *a.* alone, unmarried
 Choler, *f.* anger, rage
 Collar, *f.* something worn
 round the neck [eye
 Colour, *f.* appearance to the
 Collier, *f.* a digger of coals,
 a ship [ment
 Chord, *f.* string of an instru-
 Cord, *f.* a small rope, &c.
 Cistern, *f.* a vessel
 Sister, *f.* woman born of the
 same parents
 Cite, *v.* to summon
 Sight, *f.* act of seeing
 Site, *f.* situation
 Citrine, *a.* of a lemon colour
 Citron, *f.* a fruit
 Claim, *f.* a demand
 Clamm, *v.* to clog, to starve
 Clash, *f.* noise, opposition
 Class, *f.* degree, rank
 Cleft, *f.* a mark in music
 Cleft, *f.* a crack
 Climb, *v.* to go up
 Clime, *f.* climate
 Coarse, *a.* not fine
 Corse, *f.* a dead body
 Course, *f.* passage, race
 Cock's comb, *f.* part of a cock's
 Coxcomb, *f.* a fop [head
 Cod, *f.* sea-fish, bag of seeds
 Code, *f.* book of law
 Co-heir, *f.* joint heir
 Cohere, *v.* to stick together
 Coin, *f.* a piece of money
 Kine, *f. pl.* one or more cows
 Complement, *f.* full number
 Compliment, *f.* act of civility
 Comptrol, *v.* to overlook
 Control, *v.* to govern
 Condite, *v.* to preserve fruit
 Conduit, *f.* a water-pipe
 Conjure, *v.* to practise in-
 chantment
 Conjure, *v.* to enjoin solemnly
 Consonance, *f.* accord of sound
 Consonant, *f.* name of a letter
 Consul, *f.* a civil officer at
 Rome [sultation
 Council, *f.* assembly for con-
 Counsel, *f.* advice; *v.* to advise
 Coo, *v.* to cry, as a dove
 Cue, *f.* end of a thing, humour
 Coom, *f.* foot, greese for
 wheels [bushels
 Coomb, *f.* a measure of 4
 Coquet, *v.* to deceive in love
 Coquette, *f.* a gay airy girl
 Corant, *f.* a nimble dance
 Currant, *f.* a tree and fruit
 Current, *f.* a stream; *a.* com-
 Corneous, *a.* horny [mon
 Cornice, *f.* part of a wall or
 column [ment
 Covin, *f.* a deceitful agree-
 Coving, *f.* a term in building
 Cousin, *f.* relation at a dis-
 Cozen, *v.* to cheat [tance
 Creator, *f.* God
 Creature, *f.* a thing created
 Creak, or creek, *v.* to make
 a harsh protracted noise
 Creek,

- Creek, *f.* a small bay
 Crick, *f.* a pain in the neck
 Croak, *f.* the cry of a frog
 Crock, *f.* an earthen pot
 Cruife, *f.* a small cup
 Cruise, *f.* a voyage
 Cough, *f.* disorder of the lungs
 Cuff, *f.* a sleeve, a blow
 Cool, *v.* to make cool
 Cull, *v.* to pick
 Cur, *f.* a dog
 Cure, *f.* a remedy
 Cygnet, *f.* a young swan
 Signet, *f.* a seal [ment
 Cymbal, *f.* a musical instru-
 Symbol, *f.* a type, abstract
 Cypress, *f.* a tree
 Cyprus, *f.* a rush, gauze
 Dam, *v.* to confine, shut up
 Damn, *v.* to condemn
 Dame, *f.* a lady
 Dastardly, *ad.* cowardly
 Dastardy, *f.* timorousness
 Day, *f.* space of 24 hours
 Deal, *f.* fir wood
 Dale, *f.* a valley
 Dear, *a.* beloved, costly
 Deer, *f.* a forest animal
 Dearth, *f.* scarcity
 Death, *f.* mortality
 Dead, *a.* deprived of life
 Deed, *f.* action, fact [down
 Deferent, *a.* carrying up and
 Different, *a.* unlike
 Deference, *f.* regard
 Difference, *f.* disagreement
 Deliverer, *f.* a preserver
 Delivery, *f.* release, utterance
 Dean, *f.* a dignitary in the
 Den, *f.* a cavern [church
 Desert, *v.* to abandon
 Dessert, *f.* last course at a feast
 Desert, *a.* solitary; *f.* wilderness
 Dew, *f.* a thin cold vapour
 Due, *a.* owed; *f.* debt
 Die, *v.* to expire
 Dye, die, *v.* to tinge, colour
 Dight, *v.* to adorn, dress
 Doit, *f.* a piece of money
 Discreet, *a.* cautious, modest
 Discrete, *a.* distinct, separated
 Discus, *f.* a quoit
 Discuss, *v.* to examine
 Disease, *f.* distemper
 Disseize, *v.* to dispossess
 Disdain, *v.* contemn
 Distain, *v.* to blot
 Ditto, *f.* the same
 Ditty, *f.* a song
 Divers, *a.* several
 Diverse, *a.* different
 Do, *v.* to act
 Doe, *f.* a she deer
 Doer, *f.* an actor, agent
 Door, *f.* a portal of a house
 Dollar, *f.* a foreign coin
 Dolour, *f.* grief
 Dome, *f.* an arched roof
 Doom, *f.* judgment, sentence
 Dorr, *f.* a flying insect
 Dorr, *v.* to stupify with noise
 Dose, *f.* a medicine
 Doze, *v.* to slumber low
 Dotard, *f.* a doating old fel-
 Dottard, *f.* a tree kept low by
 cutting [tune
 Dowerless, *ad.* without a for-
 Dowlas, *f.* coarse linen
 Douse, *v.* to put suddenly in
 water
 Dowse, *f.* a slap on the chops
 Drachm, *f.* 1-8th of an ounce
 Dram, *f.* a small quantity of
 Draff, *f.* refuse, lees [spirits
 Draught, *f.* bill of exchange;
 sketch, &c.
 Drift, *f.* design; a storm
 Dragon, *f.* a serpent, plant
 Dragoon, *f.* a soldier
 Duck, *f.* a water-fowl
 Duct, *f.* a passage, direction
 Duke, *f.* a nobleman
 Dug, *f.* pap of a beast
 Dug, *v.* *Ex.* he dug
 Dully, *ad.* stupidly
 Duely, *a.* exactly, regularly
 Dun, *f.* a clamorous creditor
 Done, *v.* *Ex.* he hath done
 Dureless, *a.* not continuing
 Durese, *f.* confinement, re-
 Durst, *v.* *Ex.* he durst [strait
 Dusk, *f.* incipient obscurity
 Dust

- Dust, *f.* earth; the grave
 Ear, *f.* the organ of hearing
 Hear, *v.* to perceive by the
 Here, *ad.* in this place [ear
 Earn, *v.* to get by labour
 Urn, *f.* a vessel easiness
 Yearn, *v.* to feel great un-
 East, *f.* quarter where the sun
 Yeast, *f.* barm [rises
 Eat, *v.* to swallow
 Heat, *v.* to make hot
 Eaves, *f.* part of a house
 Heaves, *v.* *Ex.* he heaves
 Edge, *f.* sharp part of an in-
 Hedge, *f.* a fence [strument
 Eel, *f.* a fish
 Heal, *v.* to cure a wound
 Heel, *f.* the hind part of the
 Eek, Eke, *v.* to spin out [foot
 Eke, *ad.* also, likewise
 Elf, *f.* a devil
 Elf, *v.* to entangle hair
 Elicite, *v.* to strike out
 Elicit, *a.* brought into act
 Ell, *f.* a measure of length
 Hell, *f.* the place of the dam-
 ned
 Elegy, *f.* a funeral poem
 Elogy, *f.* praise, panegyric
 Emerſion, *f.* re-appearance of
 a star [der water
 Immerſion, *f.* a dipping un-
 Eminence, *f.* height [ger
 Imminence, *f.* immediate dan-
 Eminent, *a.* exalted, remark-
 able [threatening
 Imminent, *a.* impending,
 Emission, *f.* a throwing out,
 vent [ing in
 Immiſſion, *f.* the act of ſend-
 Emit, *v.* to iſſue out
 Immit, *v.* to ſend in
 Emmet, *f.* an ant [crime
 Endite, *v.* to charge with a
 Endite, *v.* to compoſe, to
 write
 Envoy, *f.* a public miniſter
 Envy, *f.* vexation at another's
 Elm, *f.* a tree [proſperity
 Helm, *f.* the rudder
 Epact, *f.* a Hebrew meaſure
 Epoch, *f.* the time whence
 we date
 Either, *pr.* one or the other
 Ether, *f.* pure air
 Eight, *a.* ſeven and one
 Height, *f.* ſpace upwards
 Hight, *a.* was called
 Eld, *f.* old age
 Held, *v.* *Ex.* he held
 Examen, *f.* diſquiſition
 Examine, *v.* to aſk queſtions
 Exemplary, *a.* ſerving for ex-
 ample [tion
 Exemplary, *a.* worthy imita-
 Exercise, *v.* to praſtiſe
 Exorcife, *v.* to caſt out evil
 ſpirits
 Extant, *a.* now in being
 Extent, *f.* compaſs of a thing
 Facile, *a.* eaſy to be done
 Foſſil, *f.* a ſhell, mineral
 Fain, *a.* *ad.* fond, gladly
 Fan, *f.* an inſtrument
 Fane, *f.* a weathercock
 Faint, *a.* feeble
 Feint, *f.* a mock aſſault, *br.*
 Fair, *f.* a market [bad ſtate
 Fare, *v.* to be in a good or
 Fare, *f.* hire for carriages
 Far, *a.* a great way [ed
 Fallow, *f.* ground uncultivat-
 Follow, *v.* to go after
 Folly, *f.* imprudence
 Folio, *f.* book in ſheets
 Farrow, *f.* a litter of pigs
 Furrow, *f.* a trench, wrinkle
 Farther, *a.* *ad.* more remote
 Father, *f.* firſt anceſtor
 Feat, *f.* action, trick
 Feet, *f.* what we ſtand on
 Fell, *f.* a hide; *a.* bloody
 Fell, *v.* to knock down
 Fellow, *f.* circumference of a
 Fellow, *f.* an aſſociate
 Felly, *ad.* cruelly [wheel
 Feoff, *v.* to inveſt with
 Fief, *f.* a fee; a manor
 Fillip, *f.* a jerk with the finger
 Philip, *f.* a man's name
 Fir, *f.* a tree; deal
 Fur, *f.* ſkin of a rabbit, *br.*
 Fiſtula,

Fistula, *f.* a sore disease
 Fistular, *a.* hollow like a pipe
 Fixture, *f.* what is fix'd to the premises
 Fixure, *f.* position, firmness
 Flame, *f.* light by fire
 Phleum, *f.* fleam, *f.* a farrier's instrument [mach
 Phlegm, *f.* water from the sto-
 Flea, *f.* an insect
 Flee, *v.* to run from
 Flew, *v.* *Ex.* the bird flew
 Flue, *f.* pipe of a chimney
 Fleet, *f.* a number of ships
 Floet, *a.* rattle
 Flour, flower, *f.* meal
 Flower, *f.* a blossom, plant
 Foal, *f.* a young mare
 Fool, *f.* an idiot
 Follow, *v.* to pursue
 Folly, *f.* foolishness
 Fore, *a.* anterior
 Four, *a.* three and one
 Foul, *a.* not clean
 Fowl, *f.* a bird
 Flagrant, *a.* notorious; eager
 Fragrant, *a.* sweet-smelling
 Freeze, *v.* to be congealed with cold
 Frieze, *f.* coarse cloth
 Funeral, *a.* used for a burial
 Funereal, *a.* mournful, dark
 Furrow, *f.* a wrinkle
 Furry, *a.* made of fur
 Gage, *f.* a caution, pledge
 Gauge, *f.* a measure
 Gait, *f.* manner of walking
 Gate, *f.* a large door
 Gap, *f.* a breach
 Gape, *v.* to stare; yawn
 Gargle, *f.* a liquor
 Gargol, *f.* a distemper in hogs
 Genteel, *a.* elegant
 Gentile, *f.* a heathen
 Genius, *f.* disposition
 Genus, *f.* a class of being
 Gig, *f.* a thing that turns
 Jig, *f.* a dance, a tune [round
 Gill, *f.* part of a fish
 Gill, *f.* a measure
 Glad, *a.* cheerful
 Glade, *f.* a lawn

Glaire, *f.* the white of an egg
 Glare, *f.* lustre
 Goad, *f.* a sting
 God, *f.* the supreme being
 Good, *a.* desirable in quality
 Gout, *f.* the arthritis
 Gout, *f.* taste
 Gilt, *a.* overlaid with gold
 Guilt, *f.* a crime
 Grease, *v.* to smear with fat
 Graze, *v.* to eat grass
 Great, *a.* large; *f.* the whole
 Greet, *v.* to address
 Grum, *a.* surly
 Grume, *f.* thickness of fluid
 Head, *f.* what contains the
 Heed, *f.* attention [brain
 Heron, *f.* a bird
 Herring, *f.* a fish
 Her's, *pron.* possessive
 Herse, *f.* a carriage for corps
 Hew, *v.* to cut with an axe
 You, *personal pronoun*
 Hewer, *f.* he who hews
 Your, *pron.* adjective
 Hill, *f.* an elevation of ground
 Ill, *a.* bad, sick
 Hip, *f.* joint of the thigh; fruit of the brier
 Hip, *intj.* exclamation of calling
 Hip, *v.* to be out of spirits
 Hire, *f.* just due, wages paid
 Ire, *f.* anger
 His; *pron.* possessive
 Is, *v.* *Ex.* he is [sure
 His, *f.* a censure; *v.* to cen-
 Hiss, *intj.* of silence [stroke
 Hit, *f.* a lucky chance; *a.*
 It, *pron.* neuter gender
 Hitch, *v.* to move by jerks
 Itch, *f.* a disease
 Hoar, *a.* grey with age
 Oar, *f.* an instrument to row
 Ore, *f.* metal unrefined [with
 Or, *f.* gold (*in heraldry*)
 Or, *conj.* either
 Hod, *f.* a bricklayer's trough
 Odd, *a.* not even
 Hoc, hough, *f.* a garden tool
 Oh, *intj.* denoting pain, &c.
 Owe, *v.* to be indebted

- Hold, *f.* a catch; custody
 Hold, *intj.* stop!
 Old, *a.* ancient, not new
 Hole, *f.* a hollow place
 Holme, *f.* the ever-green oak
 Home, *f.* one's own house
 Home, *ad.* closely, to the point
 Whom, *object.* of *who*
 Hone, *f.* a fine stone
 One, *a.* less than two
 Own, *f.* as my own
 Won, *v.* *Ex.* he *won*
 Hood, *f.* a cover for the head
 Woad, *f.* a plant
 Wood, *f.* a place filled with trees, timber
 Hoop, *f.* any circular thing
 Hoop, *v.* to shout
 Hoot, *f.* a clamour
 Out, *ad.* not at home
 Hose, *f.* stockings
 Whose, *pron.* possess. of *who*
 Host, *f.* an army [*hops* on
 Ost, *oust.* *f.* a vessel to dry
 Hough, *f.* the lower part of the thigh
 Of, *prep.* relating to
 Off, *intj.* away
 Off, *ad.* at a distance
 Oaf, *f.* a dolt, an idiot
 Ouphe, *f.* a fairy, goblin
 Hour, *f.* 24th part of a day
 Our, *pron.* belonging to us
 Howl, *f.* the cry of a wolf
 Owl, *f.* a night bird
 Hoard, *v.* to lay up privately
 Horde, *f.* a clan
 Hoven, *part.* of to *heave*
 Oven, *f.* a place for baking
 Horal, *a.* relating to the hour
 Oral, *a.* delivered by mouth
 Human, *a.* belonging to man
 Humane, *a.* kind
 Hammer, *f.* an applauder
 Humour, *f.* whim, jocularly
 Hurds, *f.* refuse of hemp or
 Herds, *f.* flocks of cattle [*flax*
 Him, *pron.* obj. of *he*
 Hym, *f.* a species of dog
 Hymn, *f.* a divine song [*cone*
 Hyperbola, *f.* section of a
 Hyperbole, *f.* diminution
 Jacent, *a.* lying at length
 Jacinth, *f.* a gem; a flower
 Jam, *f.* a conserve of fruit
 Jamb, *f.* upright post of a door
 Idolater, *f.* a worshipper of images [*ages*
 Idolatry, *f.* the worship of im-
 Idyl, *f.* a short poem
 Idle, *a.* lazy
 Idol, *f.* an image
 Ile, *f.* a walk in a church
 Ille, *f.* an island
 Oil, *f.* unctuous matter
 Impostor, *f.* a cheat
 Imposture, *f.* a trick, fraud
 In, *prep.* *Ex.* in London
 Inn, *f.* house for travellers
 Incision, *f.* a wound made by a sharp instrument
 Infition, *f.* a graft, a cion
 Ingenious, *a.* witty
 Ingenuous, *a.* candid
 Inhabit, *v.* to dwell in
 Inhibit, *v.* to hinder
 Inlay, *f.* matter inlaid [*cret*
 Inlay, *a.* and *ad.* internally, se-
 Insteeep, *v.* to soak
 Insteeep, *f.* upper part of the
 Job, *f.* a piece of work [*foot*
 Job, *f.* a proper name
 Joinder, *f.* conjunction
 Joiner, *f.* a carpenter
 Jole, *f.* the head of a fish
 Joll, *v.* to beat the head a-
 gainst any thing
 Juncate, *f.* a cheese-cake
 Junket, *f.* a private enter-
 tainment
 Just, *f.* a mock fight
 Just, *ad.* exactly
 Key, *f.* an instrument to open
 a lock [*are* landed
 Quay, *f.* a place where goods
 Kill, *v.* to deprive of life
 Kiln, *f.* a stove
 Kin, *f.* relation
 Kine, *f.* one or more cows
 Kit, *f.* a small tub
 Kite, *f.* a bird of prey
 Quoit, *f.* a horse-shoe to pitch
 at a mark
 Knag,

- Knag**, *f.* a hard knot in wood
Nag, *f.* a little horse
Knare, *f.* a hard knot
Ne'er, a *contract.* for never
Knead, *v.* to work dough
Need, *v.* to want, to lack
Knew, *v.* *Ex.* he *knew*
New, *a.* not old
Kneel, *v.* to bend the knee
Knell, *f.* the sound of a bell
 at a funeral
Knight, *f.* a title of honour
Night, *f.* the time of darkness
Knit, *v.* to close, unite
Nit, *f.* the egg of a louse
Knoll, *f.* a little hill
Noll, *f.* a head, noddle
Knot, *f.* a part which is tied
Not, *ad.* the particle of nega-
Know, *v.* to understand [tion
No, *ad.* word of denial
No, *a.* not any, none
Label, *f.* a short direction
Libel, *f.* a defamatory satire
Lack, *f.* need, failure
Lake, *f.* a large inland water
Lad, *f.* a boy [a river
Lade, *v.* to load; *f.* mouth of
Laid, *v.* *Ex.* he *laid*
Lain, *v.* *Ex.* I have *lain*
Lane, *f.* a narrow street
Lamb, *f.* a young sheep
Lamm, *v.* to beat soundly
Laird, *f.* a Scotch lord of a
 manor
Lard, *f.* grease of swine [last
Last, *a.* and *ad.* hindmost; at
Last, *f.* a mould; a measure
Last, *v.* to endure
Lath, *f.* a thin piece of wood
Lathe, *f.* a turner's machine
Latin, *f.* the antient Roman
 language
Latten, *f.* brass, tin
Laud, *f.* praise
Lord, *f.* a title of honour, a
Lave, *v.* to bathe [baron
Leave, *a.* to forsake
Lea, *f.* ground inclosed
Lie, *f.* any thing impregnated
 with some other body;
 as soap and water
Lec, *f.* the side opposite to the
Lead, *f.* a heavy metal [wind
Led, *v.* *Ex.* he *led*
Leaf, *f.* part of a plant
Lief, *ad.* willingly
Live, *v.* to exist
Leak, *f.* a hole to let in wa-
Leek, *f.* a plant [ter
Left, *a.* opposite to the right
Lift, *f.* act of lifting, struggle
Leaper, *f.* a jumper [rosy
Leper, *f.* one having the lep-
Lease, *f.* a contract
Leash, *f.* a rope, a tierce
Least, *a.* smallest
Left, *conj.* that not [dants
Lévee, *f.* a crowd of atten-
Levy, *v.* to collect, make war
Lickerish, *a.* delicate
Licorice, *f.* a medicinal root
Limb, *f.* a member of the bo-
Limn, *v.* to paint [dy
Lime, *f.* a stone
Line, *f.* extension in length
Loin, *f.* the reins
Literal, *a.* according to the
 primitive meaning [shore
Litoral, *a.* belonging to the
Liver, *f.* one of the entrails
Livre, *f.* a French shilling
Liar, *f.* who tells falsehoods
Lyre, *f.* a musical instrument
Loam, *f.* marle
Loom, *f.* a weaver's frame
Loch, *f.* a lake [door
Lock, *f.* an instrument for a
Low, *v.* to sink
Low, *v.* to low as a cow
Lower, *v.* to make low
Lower, *v.* to frown
Lux, *v.* to disjoint
Luxe, *f.* luxury
Mad, *a.* furious
Made, *v.* *Ex.* he *made*
Maid, *f.* a virgin
Mail, *f.* bundle of letters
Male, *f.* the *he* of any species
Mell, *v.* to mix, to meddle
Meal, *f.* a repast, flour
Main, *a.* principal

- Mane**, *f.* the hair on the neck of a horse
Man, *f.* the human being
Mean, *a.* base; *v.* to intend
Mien, *f.* air, look
Meine, *v.* to mingle
Mall, *f.* a kind of hammer
Maul, *v.* to beat
Manna, *f.* a physical drug
Manner, *f.* form, custom
Manor, *f.* a lord's jurisdiction
Mantel, *f.* work raised before
Mantle, *f.* a cloak [a chimney
Mar, *v.* to spoil
Mare, *f.* the female of a horse
Mayor, *f.* a magistrate
Meeu, *a.* simple
Mere, *a.* this or that only
Marten, *f.* a swallow
Martin, *f.* a man's name
Mash, *f.* a mixture
Mesh, *f.* space between the threads of a net
Mass, *f.* a body, lump
Mess, *f.* a portion of food
Mat, *f.* a texture of sedges
Mate, *f.* a companion
Matrafs, *f.* a chymical glass
Matrice, *f.* a mould [vessel
Matrofs, *f.* a soldier
Mattrels, *f.* a kind of quilt
Maze, *f.* a labyrinth
Meale, *f.* 300 herrings
Mead, *f.* a meadow
Meed, *f.* reward, gift
Meek, *f.* a hook with a long
Meek, *a.* gentle [handle
Meat, *f.* food in general
Meer, *a.* fit, proper
Metre, *v.* to measure
Met, *v.* *Ex.* he met
Mew, *v.* to cry as a cat
Muc, *v.* to moult
Message, *f.* an errand
Messuage, *f.* a tenement
Meteor, *f.* a supernatural appearance in the sky
Meter, *f.* a measurer
Metre, *f.* measure of verses
Metal, *f.* gold, silver, &c.
Mettle, *f.* spirit, vivacity
Might, *f.* power, strength
Mite, *f.* a small insect
Mile, *f.* 1760 yards in length
Moil, *v.* to drudge
Mole, *f.* a natural spot
Mill, *f.* an engine
Mind, *f.* memory, opinion
Mine, *f.* a place of minerals
Mine, *pro.* belonging to me
Miner, *f.* he who digs mines
Minor, *f.* one under age
Minuet, *f.* a dance
Minute, *f.* 60th part of an
Minute, *a.* small (hour)
Moer, *f.* a negro
More, *a.* greater in degree
Moose, *f.* an American deer
Mouse, *f.* a small quadruped
Mop, *f.* a domestic instrument
Mope, *v.* to be stupid
Morals, *f.* a fen
Morose, *a.* peevish, fullen
Mosque, *f.* a Mahometan temple
Musk, *f.* a perfume
Muss, *f.* a scramble
Motor, *f.* a mover
Motto, *f.* a sentence added
Mould, *v.* to model; gather mould
Moult, *v.* to shed the feathers
Mound, *f.* a fence to fortify
Mount, *f.* a hill or bank
Mow, *a.* a heap of hay, &c.
Mow, *v.* to cut with a scythe
Mule, *f.* a quadruped
Mull, *v.* to warm ale, &c.
Mum, *f.* ale brewed with wheat
Mum, *inf.* hush, silence
Mum, *v.* to mask
Nap, *f.* down on cloth
Nape, *f.* joint of the neck
Naval, *a.* belonging to ships
Navel, *f.* the middle of the belly
Naught, *a.* bad, wicked
Nought, *f.* nothing
Neat, *f.* ox, cow, &c. *a.* pure
Net, *f.* a texture for fishing
Nay, *ad.* not
Neigh,

- Neigh, v.** to make a noise like
Nigh, a. near (a horse
Near, prep. close to: *a.* nigh
Ne'er, contraction for *never*
Nice, a. accurate (or sister
Niece, f. daughter of a brother
Night, f. the time of darkness
Nit, f. the egg of a louse [head
Nod, f. a declination of the
Node, f. a knob, or knot
Noise, f. outcry, clamour
Nose, f. part of the face
Noose, f. a running knot
Not, ad. the particle of nega-
Nott, v. to shear (tion
Noon, f. middle-hour of the
 day
Noun, f. name of any thing
Nozle, f. the nose, snout, end
Nuzzle, v. to nurse
Odd, a. not even
Ode, f. a poem
Ombre, f. a game at cards
Umber, f. a gloomy colour; a
Order, f. method, rank (fish
Ordure, f. dung, filth
Ordinance, f. law, rule
Ordinance, f. cannon
Ordonnance, f. disposition of
 figures in a picture
Pail, f. a wooden vessel
Pale, a. wan
Pall, f. a cloak of state
Peal, f. a ring of bells
Peel, f. board used by bakers
Pain, f. uneasiness
Pane, f. a square of glass
Pan, f. a kitchen vessel
Pair, f. a couple
Pare, v. to cut, diminish
Pear, f. a well known fruit
Par, f. state of equality
Palate, f. the taste
Pallet, f. a small mean bed
Pallid, a. pale
Palter, v. to squander, to shift
Paltry, a. mean, despicable
Panic, f. a violent fright
Pannic, f. a plant
Papa, f. fond name for father
Papaw, f. a West Indian plant
Parish, f. a division of land
Perish, v. to die, to destroy
Parry, v. to fence
Perry, f. cider made of pears
Parson, f. a clergyman
Person, f. man, or woman
Parter, f. one who separates
Parterre, f. a flower-garden
Pass, f. right of precedence
Pass, f. narrow entrance
Past, a. not present
Paste, f. mixture of solid and
 fluid
Pasture, f. land for grazing
Pastern, f. knee of a horse
Pastor, f. a minister; shepherd
Pester, v. to disturb
Pastry, f. pies, or baked meat
Pasty, f. a pye
Pat, f. a slight touch
Pate, f. the head
Peat, f. turf used for firing
Pet, f. a slight passion
Paten, f. a plate for bread
Patten, f. clog shoe with iron
Patron, f. a defender
Pattern, f. a specimen
Pay, f. wages
Pea, f. a pulse
Pease, plural of pea (quiet
Peace, f. respite from war,
Piece, f. a patch, part
Peak, f. top of a hill
Peck, one fourth of a bushel
Peer, f. an equal; a nobleman
Pier, f. a column
Pentice, f. a sloping roof
Prentice, f. one bound for in-
 struction
Permissible, a. that may be
 mingled
Permissible, a. allowable
Permission, f. liberty
Permission, f. act of mixing
Pestle, f. a tool to beat with
Pistol, f. fire arms
Pistole, f. a foreign coin
Petre, f. nitre
Peter, f. a man's name
Phlegm,

- Phlegm**, *f.* watery humour from the body [ment
Phleme, *f.* a farrier's instru-
Pick, *f.* a sharp iron tool
Pict, *f.* a painted person
Pike, *f.* a fish
Pique, *f.* an ill-will
Pile, *f.* a heap
Pill, *f.* a small ball of physic
Pin, *f.* a pointed sharp wire
Pine, *f.* a tree
Pint, *f.* half a quart
Point, *f.* sharp end, &c.
Pip, *f.* a disease among fowls
Pipe, *f.* a tube
Pish, *v.* to express contempt
Piss, *v.* to make water
Place, *f.* locality, office
Plaice, *f.* fish
Plaid, *f.* variegated stuff
Plead, *v.* to defend, discuss
Plaint, *f.* lamentation
Plant, *f.* any vegetable pro-
 duction
Plate, *f.* a dish to eat on
Plait, *f.* a fold
Play, *f.* action, sport [ing
Plea, *f.* excuse, form of plead-
Platane, *f.* the plane tree
Platen, *f.* part of a printing
 press
Platoon, *f.* a square body of
 musqueteers [ground
Plain, *a.* smooth; *f.* level
Plane, *f.* a joiner's tool
Plan, *f.* a scheme, model
Pluck, *f.* a pull
Plug, *f.* a stopple
Plum, *f.* a fruit
Plumb, *f.* a plummet
Plume, *f.* a feather; pride
Pock, *f.* a pustule
Poke, *f.* a small bag
Pole, *f.* a staff
Poll, *f.* register of votes
Polar, *a.* issuing from the pole
Poller, *f.* he who votes
Pomace, *f.* the dross of cyder
 pressings
Pumice, *f.* a stone [spirit
Ponk, *f.* a hag; nocturnal
Punk, *f.* a whore
Poor, *a.* indigent,
Pour, *v.* to emit, to stream
Pore, *f.* a passage of Perspi-
Power, *f.* command (ration
Pure, *f.* chaste, clear [skip
Poop, *f.* hindmost part of a
Pope, *f.* Bishop of Rome
Pop, *f.* a small smart sound
Populace, *f.* the vulgar
Populous, *a.* full of people
Port, *f.* harbour, gate
Porte, *f.* Turkish court
Portion, *f.* part; fortune
Potion, *f.* a draught
Posse, *f.* a large body
Posset, *f.* milk and bear mixed
Poster, *f.* a courier
Posture, *f.* situation
Practice, *f.* habit, use
Practise *v.* to do habitually
Pray, *v.* to beg, petition
Prey, *f.* plunder
Prease, *f.* crowd, the vulgar
Press, *v.* to squeeze
Precede, *v.* to go before
Proceed, *v.* to issue from
Precentor, *f.* one who leads
 the choir
Presenter, *f.* one who presents
Premices, *f.* first fruits
Premises, *f.* houses, &c.
Preperse, *a.* preconceived
Propense, *a.* inclined
Prescribe, *v.* to order
Proscribe, *v.* to out law (cept
Prescription, *f.* medical re-
Proscription, *f.* confiscation
Presser, *f.* one who presses
Pressure, *f.* force, affliction
Prim, *a.* formal
Prime, *f.* height of perfection
Principal, *a.* chief
Principle, *f.* original cause
Projector, *f.* one who contrives
Projecture, *f.* a jutting out
Prompter, *f.* one who helps a
 public speaker (another
Prompture, *f.* suggestion by
Prophecy, *f.* prediction
Prophecy, *v.* to foretel
Pule,

- Pule, *v.* to cry as a chicken
 Pull, *v.* to draw violently
 Pus, *f.* matter of a sore
 Puss, *f.* a cat, a hare
 Putid, *a.* mean, worthless
 Putrid, *a.* rotten, corrupt
 Quean, *f.* a strumpet
 Queen, *f.* wife of a king
 Rabbet, *f.* a joint
 Rabbit, *f.* an animal
 Rabid, *a.* fierce
 Rack, *f.* an engine
 Wrack, *f.* ruin, loss of a ship
 Rake, *f.* a libertine
 Radish, *f.* an herb
 Reddish, *a.* somewhat red
 Rain, *f.* water
 Reign, *v.* to rule as a king
 Rein, *f.* part of a bridle
 Ran, *v.* *Ex.* he ran
 Raise, *v.* to set up
 Raze, rase, *v.* to pull down, demolish
 Raisin, *f.* a dried grape
 Reason, *f.* cause, motive
 Rap, *f.* a smart quick blow
 Rape, *f.* a snatching away
 Wrap, *v.* to roll together
 Rat, *f.* an animal
 Rate, *f.* tax, price
 Ratan, *f.* a small cane
 Ratoon, *f.* a West-Indian fox
 Razor, *f.* a barber's instrument
 Razure, *f.* the act of erasing
 Rare, *a.* excellent, raw
 Rear, *v.* to raise up
 Reach, *f.* ability, power
 Retch, *v.* to vomit
 Wretch, *f.* a worthless person
 Read, *v.* to peruse
 Reed, *f.* an arrow, a plant
 Red, *a.* of the colour of blood
 Read, *pret.* of to read
 Real, *a.* genuine, true
 Reel, *f.* a frame to wind yarn
 Realm, *f.* a kingdom
 Ream, *f.* 25 quires of paper
 Reave, *v.* to take by stealth
 Reeve, *f.* a bailiff, steward
 Reck, *v.* to mind, to care
 Wreck, *v.* to ruin; *f.* ruin
 Reek, *v.* to smoke
 Wreak, *f.* fury, revenge
 Recur, *v.* to have recourse to
 Recure, *v.* to recover from
 Repeal, *v.* to revoke [sickness]
 Repel, *v.* to drive back
 Rereward, *f.* the last troop
 Reward, *f.* recompense
 Resign, *v.* to submit
 Resin, *f.* a clammy drug
 Resonance, *f.* echo, sound
 Resonant, *a.* resounding
 Rest, *f.* quiet, repose
 Wrest, *f.* distortion, violence
 Reveal, *v.* to make known
 Revel, *v.* to carouse
 Reverend, *a.* deserving reverence
 Reverent, *a.* expressing veneration
 Rheum, *f.* watery matter
 Rhomb, *f.* a quadrangular figure
 Rum, *f.* spirits
 Rhyme, *f.* poetry, verse
 Rime, *f.* hoar-frost
 Rim, *f.* a border, edge
 Ring, *v.* to sound a bell
 Wring, *v.* to press, extort
 Ribband, *f.* a fillet of silk
 Ribbed, *a.* furnished with ribs
 Rice, *f.* an esculent grain
 Rise, *f.* beginning; *v.* to get up
 Rid, *v.* to set free
 Ride, *v.* to travel on a horse
 Right, *a.* true, fit
 Rite, *f.* external observation
 Write, *v.* to indite [wood]
 Wright, *f.* an artificer in
 Rip, *v.* to cut asunder
 Ripe, *f.* complete, mature
 Rival, *f.* a competitor
 Rivel, *v.* to corrugate
 Rod, *f.* an instrument of correction
 Rode, *v.* *Ex.* he rode [rection]
 Road, *f.* a path
 Rob, *v.* to plunder
 Robe, *f.* a long gown
 Roe, *f.* female of the hart
 Row, *f.* number of things in a
 Rood, *f.* 1-4th of an acre [line]
 Rude, *a.* uncivil, brutal
 Room,

- Room, *f.* a place
 Rome, *f.* a city
 Root, *f.* first cause
 Rout, *f.* an assembly
 Rot, *v.* to putrify
 Rote, *f.* words extempore
 Wrote, *v.* *Ex.* he wrote
 Wrought, *part.* performed
 Rummer, *f.* a glass
 Rumour, *f.* a flying report
 Ruse, *f.* artifice, cunning
 Rouse, *f.* liquor, a large dose
 Rung, *v.* *Ex.* he rung
 Wrung, *v.* *Ex.* he wrung
 Sabaoth, *f.* armies
 Sabbath, *f.* Sunday, day of rest
 Sad, *a.* bad, gloomy
 Said, *v.* *Ex.* he said
 Sail, *f.* a canvas sheet
 Sale, *f.* price, vent
 Sallow, *a.* sickly
 Sally, *f.* issue from a place
 Salter, *f.* he who salts
 Saltern, *f.* a salt-work
 Same, *a.* of like kind
 Saim, *f.* hog's lard
 Save, *v.* to preserve
 Salve, *f.* an em plaster, remedy
 Saver, *f.* a preserver [dy
 Saviour, *f.* Redeemer
 Savour, *f.* odour, scent
 Scale, *f.* a regular gradation
 Scall, *f.* leprosy
 Scar, *f.* a mark
 Scare, *v.* to terrify
 Scene, *f.* part of a play
 Seam, *f.* seine, *f.* a net
 Seen, *v.* *Ex.* he has seen
 Scissure, *f.* a crack, a rent
 Seizure, *f.* act of seizing
 Scoop, *f.* a large ladle
 Scope, *f.* drift, intention
 Score, *f.* a line drawn; 20
 Scour, *v.* to clean
 Scrap, *f.* a little piece
 Scrape, *f.* difficulty
 Scraw, *f.* surface, or scurf
 Scrawl, *f.* bad writing
 Scream, *v.* to cry shrilly
 Screen, *v.* to shelter, conceal
 Scroll, *f.* a writing wrapped up
 Scroyle, *f.* a mean fellow
 Sea, *f.* the ocean
 See, *v.* to perceive
 Seam, *f.* tallow
 Seem, *v.* to appear
 Sear, *a.* dry; *v.* to canterize
 Seer, *f.* who sees, a prophet
 Seat, *f.* a chair, residence
 Set, *f.* things that suit
 Seignior, *f.* an Italian Lord
 Senior, *a.* older
 Seize, *v.* to fasten on
 Sees, *v.* *Ex.* he sees
 Seller, *f.* he who sells
 Cellar, *f.* a vault for liquors
 Sepulchre, *f.* a grave, tomb
 Sepulture, *f.* burial, interment
 Series, *f.* course, order
 Serious, *a.* grave
 Serous, *a.* thin watery
 Serr, *v.* to press together
 Sir, *f.* a word of respect
 Sever, *v.* to divide
 Severe, *a.* cruel, rigid
 Sew, *v.* to join with a needle
 So, *ad.* in like manner
 Sow, *v.* to scatter seed
 Sewer, *f.* who uses a needle
 Sower, *f.* who sows corn
 Shall, *v.* defective
 Shell, *f.* a case of seeds; a husk
 Sham, *f.* a delusion
 Shame, *f.* disgrace, reproach
 Shear, *v.* to cut or clip
 Sheer, *a.* pure, unmingled
 Shire, *f.* a county
 Shin, *f.* forepart of the leg
 Shine, *f.* lustre; fair weather
 Shough, *f.* a shaggy dog
 Show, *f.* an exhibition
 Six, *f.* number six at dice
 Size, *f.* bulk
 Sign, *f.* a token, constellation
 Sine, *f.* a geometrical line
 Sin, *f.* transgression [melody
 Sing, *v.* to form the voice to
 Singe, *v.* to scorch
 Sit, *v.* to rest, to perch
 Cit, *f.* a citizen [wound
 Skein, *f.* a knot of thread
 Skin,

- Skin, *f.* natural cover of the flesh
 Slaic, *f.* a weaver's reed
 Slay, *v.* to kill
 Sley, *v.* to part or twist into thread [dom
 Slave, *f.* one deprived of free-
 Sleeve, *f.* covering of the arm
 Slim, *a.* thin of shape
 Slime, *f.* glutinous substance
 Sloe, *f.* fruit of the black thorn
 Slow, *a.* not swift, dull
 Slough, *f.* a deep miry place
 Sloop, *f.* a small ship
 Slope, *f.* declivity
 Slop, *f.* mean liquor, puddle
 Smerk, smirk, *v.* to smile wantonly
 Smirk, *a.* nice, smart, jaunty
 Smock, *f.* a woman's shirt
 Smoke, *f.* a sooty exhalation
 Snake, *f.* a kind of serpent
 Sneak, *v.* to crouch, creep
 Snip, *f.* a small cut [silly
 Snipe, *f.* a bird, a blockhead
 Snot, *f.* the discharge of the nose
 Snout, *f.* the nose of a beast
 Soar, *f.* a towering flight
 Sore, *a.* tender to the touch
 Sour, *a.* acid, peevish
 Soak, *v.* to drain, steep
 Sock, *f.* a false stocking
 Soap, *f.* substance used in wash-
 Soup, *f.* rich broth [ing
 Sop, *f.* bread in liquor
 Swap, *v.* to exchange [prey
 Swoop, *f.* the fall of a bird of
 Solder, *f.* metallic cement
 Soldier, *f.* a warrior
 Sole, *f.* bottom of the foot
 Soul, *f.* immortal part of man
 Sofa, *f.* a splendid seat [sia
 Sophi, *f.* the emperor of Per-
 Some, *a.* more or less, not ma-
 Sum, *f.* the whole [ny
 Son, *f.* a male-child
 Sun, *f.* the luminary of the
 Soon, *ad.* before long [day
 Swoon, *f.* a fainting fit
 Sord, *f.* grassy ground
 Sword, *f.* a weapon
 Sorel, *f.* a buck of the third
 year
 Sorrel, *f.* a plant, reddish co-
 Sorrow, *f.* grief [lour
 Sorry, *a.* grieved, worthless
 Sort, *f.* kind, rank
 Sot, *f.* a drunkard
 Sought, *v.* *Ex.* I have sought
 Sough, *f.* a subterraneous drain
 Sow, *f.* the female pig
 Spar, *f.* a small beam
 Spare, *a.* lean; *v.* to allow
 Spin, *v.* to draw out into
 thread
 Spine, *f.* the back bone
 Spit, *f.* an iron prong for
 Spite, *f.* malice [roasting
 Spoke, *f.* a bar in a wheel
 Spoke, *v.* *Ex.* he spoke
 Spring, *f.* a season, source
 Springe, *f.* a gin, snare
 Sprit, *f.* a shoot, sprout
 Sprite, *f.* a spirit
 Stair, *f.* a step [der
 Stare, *v.* to look with won-
 Star, *f.* a body in the heavens
 Statue, *f.* a solid representa-
 tion of any living being
 Statute, *f.* an act of parlia-
 ment
 Sted, *f.* room, frame, place
 Steed, *f.* a horse
 Steak, *f.* a piece of flesh
 Stake, *f.* a post; hazard/wager
 Steal, *v.* to take by theft
 Steel, *f.* iron prepared
 Stele, *f.* a stalk, a handle
 Steam, *f.* vapour of hot liquor
 Stem, *f.* family, a stalk
 Steep, *f.* a precipice
 Step, *f.* a stair
 Stile, *f.* steps into a field
 Style, *f.* manner of writing
 Still, *f.* an alembic
 Stoop, *f.* act of stooping
 Stop, *f.* a cessation of motion
 Straight, *a.* not crooked [ent
 Strait, *a.* close, narrow, diffi-
 Straighten, *v.* to make straight
 Straiten, *v.* to make narrow,
 to distress
 Straightness,

- Straightness**, *f.* being straight
Straitness, *f.* distress, narrow-
Strip, *f.* a narrow shred [ness]
Stripe, *f.* variation of colour
Subtil, *a.* cunning, refined
Suttle, *f.* a term in arithmetic
Succour, *f.* aid, assistance
Sucker, *f.* a young shoot
Surcle, *f.* a shoot, sucker
Circle, *f.* a round body
Sweat, *f.* matter from the
 pores of the body
Sweet, *a.* grateful to the taste
Sword, *v.* to breed a green turf
Sword, *f.* a weapon
Swing, *f.* having motion
Swinge, *f.* a sweep of any
 thing {air
Swinging, *part.* waving in the
Swinging, *a.* huge, great
Tail, *f.* the lower part
Tale, *f.* a story
Tell, *v.* to inform
Tallow, *f.* fat of an animal
Tally, *f.* what fits another
Tap, *f.* a gentle blow
Tape, *f.* a narrow fillet
Tar, *f.* juice of pines; a sail-
 or [tains goods
Tare, *f.* weight of what con-
Tare, *v.* *Ex.* he tare
Tear, *f.* water from the eye
Tier, *f.* a rank, row
Team, *f.* a farmer's waggon
Teem, *v.* to bring forth young
Teat, *f.* the dug of a beast
Tit, *f.* a small horse, bird
Tener, *f.* purport, sound in
 music
Tenure, *f.* condition by which
 a man enjoys an estate
Terce, *f.* a vessel
Terse, *a.* cleanly written, neat
Test, *f.* means of trial
Terrace, *f.* a small grassy
 hill [earth
Terreous, *a.* consisting of
 The, *definite article*
Thee, *pro.* object. case of thou
Them, *pro.* object. case of they
Theme, *f.* subject, task
Thigh, *f.* part of the body
Thy, *pro.* belonging to thee
Thin, *a.* lean, slender
Thine, *pro.* relating to thee
Thou, *pro.* to whom we speak
Though, *conj.* like as if
Throe, *f.* agony
Throw, *v.* to cast, to sling
Throne, *f.* the seat of a king
Throwp, *v.* *Ex.* I have
Thyme, *f.* a plant [throwa
Time, *f.* measure of duration
Tid, *a.* nice, tender
Tide, *f.* flux and reflux
Tie, *v.* to bind, fasten
Toy, *v.* to dally amorously
Tile, *f.* covering for houses
Toil, *v.* to labour
Tin, *f.* a sort of white metal
Tine, *f.* tooth of a harrow;
 distress
Title, *f.* name of honour
Tittle, *f.* a small particle, point
To, *prep.* nothing motion to
Too, *ad.* likewise
Two, *a.* one and one
Toad, *f.* a poisonous animal
Tod, *f.* a weight of 28 lib.
Toe, *f.* extremity of the foot
Tow, *f.* flax or hemp dressed
Tow, *v.* to draw by a rope
Tomb, *f.* a monument for the
 dead
Tome, *f.* a volume (dead
Ton, *f.* 20 hundred weight
Tun, *f.* a large cask
Tune, *f.* harmony; humour
Tone, *f.* an accent, sound
Town, *f.* a collection of
 houses
Tong, *f.* the catch of a buckle
Tongue, *f.* the organ of speech
Top, *v.* to cover, predominate
Tope, *v.* to drink to excess
Tore, *v.* *Ex.* he tore it
Tower, *f.* a high building
Tour, *f.* journey, ramble
Tract, *f.* a course, a region
Track, *f.* a beaten path
Tragic, *a.* mournful
Traject

- Traject, *v.* to cast through,
 to throw
 Trait, *f.* a stroke, touch
 Treat, *f.* an entertainment
 given
 Traipse, *v.* to walk sluttishly
 Trapes, *f.* an idle nasty wo-
 man
 Travail, *f.* labour in child-
 birth
 Travel, *f.* journey of curiosity
 Tray, *f.* a hollow trough
 Trey, *f.* the three at cards
 Trip, *f.* a short voyage
 Tripe, *f.* the paunch of an ox
 Troop, *f.* a body of soldiers
 Trope, *f.* a figure in speech
 Truss, *f.* a bandage for rup-
 Trust, *f.* care, credit [tures
 Tub, *f.* a wooden vessel
 Tube, *f.* a pipe, syphon
 Twin, *f.* one of two produced
 together
 Twine, *f.* twisted thread
 Vale, *f.* a valley
 Vail, *a.* perquisite
 Veil, *f.* a covering
 Veal, *f.* the flesh of a calf
 Vain, *a.* meanly proud
 Vane, *f.* a weathercock
 Vein, *a.* tube in the flesh
 Van, *f.* front of an army
 Vann, *v.* to fan, winnow
 Valley, *f.* space between two
 hills
 Value, *f.* high rate, worth
 Velure, *f.* velvet
 Valour, *f.* personal bravery
 Valuer, *f.* an appraiser
 Vase, *f.* a vessel [great
 Vast, *f.* an empty space : *a.*
 Vegetative, *a.* growing with-
 out life
 Vegetive, *f.* pulse of all kinds
 Venal, *a.* mercenary
 Venial, *a.* allowed, pardonable
 Venter, *f.* the womb
 Venture, *f.* hazard ; *v.* to dare
 Vessel, *f.* boat, ship, &c.
 Vestal, *f.* a pure virgin
 Vice, *f.* opposite to virtue
 Voice, *f.* sound from the
 Vial, *f.* a small bottle [mouth
 Viol, *f.* a stringed musical
 instrument [food
 Unfed, *a.* not supplied with
 Unseed, *a.* not seed [her
 Unit, *f.* one, the least in num-
 Unite, *v.* to join
 Unlade, *v.* to put out, unload
 Unlaid, *a.* not placed
 Unwary, *a.* wanting caution
 Unweary, *v.* to refresh after
 weariness
 Volley, *f.* a flight of shot
 Volly, *v.* to throw out for-
 Urn, *f.* a vessel, (cibly
 Yearn, *v.* to feel uneasiness
 Wad, *f.* tow to stop a gun
 charge
 Wade, *v.* to go thro' water
 Waist, *f.* part of the body
 Waste, *v.* to destroy ; *a.* de-
 solate (grieve
 Wail, *f.* audible sorrow : *v.* to
 Wale, *f.* a rising part in
 cloth
 Whale, *f.* the largest of fish
 Weal, *f.* prosperity
 Weel, *f.* trap for fish
 Wheal, *f.* a pustule, body of
 matter (revolution
 Wheel, *f.* a compass about,
 Wan, *a.* pale
 Wane, *f.* decrease of the
 moon ; decline
 Wean, *v.* to deprive of the
 breast
 War, *f.* hostility, combat
 Ware, aware, *a.* cautious
 Ware, *v.* to take heed of
 Wear, *v.* to have on ; act of
 Wary, *a.* cautious (wearing
 Were, *v.* Ex. they were
 Where, *ad.* at what place
 Weary, *a.* tired, fatigued
 Wherry, *f.* a light river-boat
 Worry, *v.* to harass, mangle
 Weather, *f.* state of air
 Wether, *f.* a ram castrated
 Whither, *pro.* which of the two
 Wed, *v.* to join in marriage
 Weed,

- Weed**, *f.* an useless herb
Week, *f.* the space of seven days (candle
Wick, *f.* the cotton of a
Way, *f.* road, means, method
Weigh, *v.* to try the weight
Wey, *f.* a measure
Whey, *f.* the serous part of
Weet, *v.* to know (milk
Wheat, *f.* bread corn
Wet, *a.* moist, rainy
Whet, *v.* to sharpen
Wen, *f.* a fleshy excrescence
When, *ad.* at the time that
Wert, *v.* *Ex.* thou wert
Wort, *f.* ale not fermented
What, *pro.* that which
Wot, *v.* to know, to be a-
 ware of
Which, *pro. rel.* applied to
 any thing
Witch, *f.* a woman accused
 of magical arts
Whig, *f.* a party man
Wig, *f.* hair covering for the
 head
While, *ad.* as long as
Wile, *f.* deceit, fraud
Whin, *f.* a prickly bush
Win, *v.* to gain by play
Whine, *v.* to moan meanly
Wine, *f.* juice of the grape
Whit, *f.* jot, point
Wit, *f.* judgment; *v.* to know
White, *a.* snowy, pure, pale
Wight, *f.* a person, a being
Whither, *ad.* to what place
Wither, *v.* to fade, pine away
Who, *pro. rel.* which person
Woo, *v.* to court, to make
 love
Wo, woe, *f.* grief, a curse
Whom, *accusative of who*
Womb, *f.* place of generation
Wood, *f.* a place filled with
Would, *pret.* of to will (trees
Yare, *a.* dextrous, eager
Yarr, *v.* to snarl like a dog
Ye, *nom. pl.* of thou
Yea, *ad.* yes
Yew, *f.* a tree
You, *pron. object of ye*

**SECONDLY, OF THOSE SUBSTANTIVES AND VERBS
OF THE SAME ORTHOGRAPHY, BUT OF A DIFFERENT
ACCENT.**

- A**bstract, *v.* to separate
Abstract, *f.* an abridgement
Accent, *v.* to place the ac-
 cent, &c.
Accent, *f.* mark on a word
Attribute, *v.* to compute, as-
 cribe
Attribute, *f.* inherent quality
Cement, *f.* matter which joins
 bodies together
Cement, *v.* to unite
Collect, *f.* a short prayer
Collect, *v.* to gather, infer
Comment, *v.* to expound
Comment, *f.* a commentary
Compound, *f.* a mixture
Compound, *v.* to mix
Compute, *v.* to reckon
Computist, *f.* one skill'd in
 computation
Concert, *f.* band of music
Concert, *v.* to contrive
Concord, *f.* agreement
Concord, *v.* to agree with
Conduct, *f.* behaviour
Conduct, *v.* to behave, ma-
 nage [pare
Confer, *v.* to bestow, com-
Conference, *f.* a discourse
Confide, *v.* to trust
Confidence, *f.* trust
Confine, *f.* a limit
Confine, *v.* to bound, limit
Conflict, *f.* combat, struggle
Conflict, *v.* to contest, fight
Conserve, *f.* a sweet-meat
 Conserve,

to candy fruit
debate
v. to dispute
act, *f.* a bargain
act, *v.* to shorten
craft, *f.* opposition of figures [position
Contrast, *v.* to place in op-
Convent, *f.* monastery
Convent, *v.* to call before a judge [ed
Convict, *f.* a person convict-
Convict, *v.* to prove guilty
Convoy, *f.* attendance for defence [fence
Convoy, *v.* to attend for de-
Descant, *f.* discourse, a song
Descant, *v.* to enlarge
Discount, *f.* an allowance
Discount, *v.* to deduct [out
Efflux, *f.* the act of flowing
Efflux, *v.* to flow out
Entrance, *f.* a passage
Entrance, *v.* to put into an ecstasy
Envelope, *f.* an outward case
Envelop, *v.* to cover, surround
Essay, *f.* an attempt
Essay, *v.* to endeavour
Export, *f.* any thing carried out in traffic
Export, *v.* to send abroad
Extract, *f.* heads of a book, &c.
Extract, *v.* to draw out of
Ferment, *f.* inward motion
Ferment, *v.* to have an inward motion
Forecast, *f.* contrivance
Forecast, *v.* to scheme
Foretaste, *f.* anticipation of
Foretaste, *v.* to taste beforehand
Import, *f.* things imported
Import, *v.* to bring from a-
Incense, *f.* a perfume [broad
Incense, *v.* to provoke
Increase, *f.* augmentation
Increase, *v.* to make more
Infer, *v.* to conclude from
Inference, *f.* a conclusion from premises

Inlay, *v.* to variegate, steel, &c. {inlay
Inlay, *f.* wood, &c. formed to
Inquire, *v.* to seek out
Inquest, *f.* a judicial inquiry
Insult, *v.* to affront [care
Insult, *f.* an affront
Interdict, *v.* to excommuni-
Interdict, *f.* a prohibition
Interest, *v.* to affect, concern
Interest, *f.* concern, advantage
Intervene, *v.* to come between
Interval, *f.* space between
Misconduct, *v.* to manage amiss [ment
Misconduct, *f.* ill manage-
Object, *f.* that on which we are employed
Object, *v.* to oppose
Out-law, *f.* one excluded the benefit of law [benefit of law
Outlaw, *v.* to deprive of the
Present, *f.* a gift
Present, *v.* to give
Produce, *f.* product, amount
Produce, *v.* to generate
Project, *f.* a scheme [trive
Project, *v.* to scheme, con-
Rebel, *f.* an opposer of law-ful authority
Rebel, *v.* to oppose, &c.
Recompense, *f.* compensation
Recompense, *v.* to repay
Record, *f.* a register
Record, *v.* to register
Refuse, *f.* the worthless re-
Refuse, *v.* to reject (nains
Regress, *f.* the power of pas-
sing back
Regress, *v.* to go back
Remedy, *f.* a cure
Remedy, *v.* to cure
Retail, *f.* a sale by quantities
Retail, *v.* to sell in small quantities
Subject, *f.* matter in debate, one under the dominion of another
Subject, *v.* to enslave, submit
Transport, *f.* a criminal ban-
nished
Transport, *v.* to banish

THIRDLY, OF THOSE SUBSTANTIVES AND VERBS
VARY IN THEIR SOUND, EITHER BY A DIFFERENT
SONANT, OR BY CHANGING THE HARD SOUND OF
CONSONANT INTO THE SOFT SOUND.

A Bufe, <i>f.</i> an affront	House, <i>v.</i> to harbour
Abuse, <i>v.</i> to treat ill	Louse, <i>f.</i> a small body animal
Advice, <i>f.</i> counsel	Louse, <i>v.</i> to clear from lice
Advise, <i>v.</i> to inform, counsel	Misuse, <i>f.</i> bad use
Bath, <i>f.</i> a place for bathing	Misuse, <i>v.</i> to use improperly
Bathe, <i>v.</i> to wash in a bath	Moufe, <i>f.</i> a small quadruped
Belief, <i>f.</i> credit, creed	Moufe, <i>v.</i> to catch mice
Believe, <i>v.</i> to trust in	Mouth, <i>f.</i> aperture in the head [rate
Breath, <i>f.</i> life, air	Mouth, <i>v.</i> to chew, to vociferate
Breathe, <i>v.</i> to inject and eject breath	Relief, <i>f.</i> help
Cicatrice, <i>f.</i> a scar	Relieve, <i>v.</i> to ease, succour
Cicatrize, <i>v.</i> to heal a wound	Reproof, <i>f.</i> reprehension
Close, <i>f.</i> a small field; <i>a.</i> shut fast, &c.	Reprove, <i>v.</i> to blame
Close, <i>v.</i> to finish, to join	Sheath, <i>f.</i> the case of a thing
Close, <i>f.</i> conclusion	Sheathe, <i>v.</i> to put into a sheath
Cloth, <i>f.</i> any thing woven for	Swath, <i>f.</i> a line of grafs cut down, a fillet [ers
Clothe, <i>v.</i> to cover [dress	Swathe, <i>v.</i> to bind with roll-
Disuse, <i>f.</i> cessation of custom	Teeth, <i>f. pl.</i> of tooth
Disuse, <i>v.</i> to drop a custom	Teethe, <i>v.</i> to breed teeth
Glass, <i>f.</i> transparent substance	Thief, <i>f.</i> one who steals
Glaze, <i>v.</i> to furnish with glass	Thieve, <i>v.</i> to steal
Grease, <i>f.</i> fat	Use, <i>f.</i> act of employing, help
Grease, <i>v.</i> to smear with fat	Use, <i>v.</i> to employ
Grass, <i>f.</i> food for cattle	Wife, <i>f.</i> a married woman
Graze, <i>v.</i> to eat grass	Wife, <i>v.</i> to marry
House, <i>f.</i> a place of abode	

N. B. *Substantives and Verbs of the same Accent are omitted.*

FOURTHLY, OF THOSE SUBSTANTIVES AND ADJECTIVES
ALIKE IN ORTHOGRAPHY, BUT DIFFERENTLY ACCENTED.

A Bject, <i>a.</i> mean	Frequent, <i>v.</i> to visit often
Abject, <i>v.</i> to reject	Secret, <i>a.</i> concealed
Absent, <i>v.</i> not present	Secrete, <i>v.</i> to hide, conceal
Absent, <i>v.</i> to keep away	Subject, <i>a.</i> placed under, liable
Desert, <i>a.</i> solitary	Subject, <i>v.</i> to put under, enslave
Desert, <i>v.</i> to forsake, abandon	
Frequent, <i>a.</i> often done	

LASTLY,

THE ADJECTIVES AND VERBS CHANGING THE
SEAT OF THE ACCENT.

at, <i>f.</i> eight month of year	Contriteness, <i>f.</i> repentance
gaunt, <i>a.</i> royal, grand	Gallant, <i>f.</i> a gay man
Bombast, <i>a.</i> high sounding	Gallant, <i>a.</i> brave
Bombast, <i>f.</i> big empty words	Invalid, <i>a.</i> of no weight, &c.
Compact <i>f.</i> agreement	Invalid, <i>f.</i> a disabled person
Compact, <i>a.</i> brief, close	Precedent, <i>f.</i> example
Contrite, <i>a.</i> truly penitent	Precedent, <i>a.</i> going before

Note, In the foregoing **LISTS**; *f.* stands for Substantive,
a. for Adjective, *pro.* for Pronoun, *v.* for Verb, *ad.* for
Adverb, *conj.* for Conjunction, *prep.* for Preposition, *intj.*
for Interjection, *part.* for Participle.

F I N I S .

E R R A T A

PAGE. LINE.

- 40—38 for mortals, *read* morals
- 44—17 for we, *read* us
- 48—11 for here, *read* hear
- 49—17 delete soon
- 60—31 for he, *read* be
- 76—26 for It it, *read* his
- 84—25 for equalled, *read* equally
- 86—21 for sovereignty, *read* lovereignty
- 34 for must, *read* most
- 88—5 for Horattii, *read* Horatii
- 93—6 delete the
- 111—35 for became, *read* become
- 112—18 for prosperity, *read* prosperity
- 113—39 for hamanized, *read* humanized
- 115—2 after addressed, *add* him
- 119—14 for pronounciation, *read* pronunciation
- 124—34 for ook, *read* look
- 137—30 for sharer, *read* share
- 153—10 for rembrance, *read* remembrance
- 155—33 for it, *read* is
- 164—12 for at, *read* as
- 169—24 for arms, *read* aims
- 171—5 for witching of night, *read* witching
time of night
- 172—3 delete have
- 174—25 for huger *read* hunger
- 176—7 for that *read* what
- 177—4 for tha, *read* the
- 22 for Derth's, *read* Death's
- 208—23 for whale, *read* whose

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ching